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THE CRESSET

War and the Literary Mind

Have We Failed Youth?

What About India?
by George J. Kuechle

The Church and the Peace

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Vol. 6 No. 4

Twenty-five Cents

THE CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

War and the Literary Mind

As we sit here paging for the who-knows-how-manyth time through a big book that has come out of the present war, we begin to wonder whether any writer, no matter how profound his learning or how skilful his pen, will ever be able to give us a complete word-picture of the titanic struggle now raging in the world. Yes, we're reading here and there in Ernest Hemingway's *Men at War*. The jacket and the title-page tell us that it contains "the best war stories of all time." We try to bear in mind that an editor of a work of this nature will always pay tribute to his own predilections no matter how hard he strives to put together a volume which will give due representation to the tastes of as many readers as possible. Furthermore, we consider the fact that Mr. Hemingway, who, we believe, knows a good story when he reads it, made his collection for the market and that, in all likelihood, salability had at least something to say in his thoughts as he gathered and chose the accounts included in *Men at War*. In other words, we cannot tear ourselves away from the mild suspicion that Mr. Hemingway's big book came into being (a) somewhat hastily and (b) as a pot-boiler.

Now pot-boilers have their value. Far be it from us to say that *Men at War* is not a good book. We have predilections of our own, to be sure; and, just to spite these predilections of ours, we rejoice to see that the first story in Mr. Hemingway's tome has the by-line of that doughty imperialist and master-manipulator of the subjunctive mood and the ablative absolute, Julius Caesar of

old. Our good friend Thucydides, who walked the earth of ancient Greece and, incidentally, had far more down-to-earthness in his writing and a much larger amount of the horse sense that sees some distance beyond its own nose, is missing in *Men of War;* but we're not complaining, even though Julius and his stiffly correct Latin have been pains in our neck these many years. Other authors by whose ability and clear-sightedness we set great store are likewise conspicuous by their absence in Mr. Hemingway's bulky anthology.

No, we're not complaining; we're merely trying to say as well as we know how that no human being, however wise or clever, can give full expression to the havoc, the heartaches, and the far-flung consequences of war. The present holocaust is causing scores upon scores of articles, pamphlets, and books to leap with frantic speed from the printing-presses; and we're sure that the floodtide of comments and accounts will go on and on as long as our war-infested world continues to stand. We're indebted to an anonymous book-reviewer of the *Manchester Guardian* for words of priceless wisdom on the subject of war and writers. He says:

> But one wonders, at the end, whether the literary mind, with all its grace and beauty of touch, can plumb the problems of our times—problems by which it is irresistibly attracted but also inevitably baffled.

The Battle With Social Obscurantism

A BATTLE as significant as those now being fought by our soldiers in Africa, in New Guinea, and in the Solomons is being waged between differing schools of thought in the social and political life of our country. Vice-president Henry L. Wallace and W. P. Whitherow, past president of the National Association of Manufacturers, may be regarded as typical spokesmen of these two schools. Mr. Wallace has expressed it as his conviction that this is the century of the common man, and that the postwar world should be one in which every child in every land will be provided with a bottle of milk. Mr. Whitherow in his presidential address to the group whose leader he was, said, as quoted by the press, "I am not making guns or tanks to win a 'people's revolution.' I am not fighting for a quart of milk for every Hottentot, or for a T. V. A. on the Danube, or for government handouts of free Utopias."

It is not surprising that two schools of thought so diametrical-

ly opposed to each other should exist in our country. Obscurantism has been as conspicuous in social and economic thinking as in all other realms of human interest. Roman slave holders of 100 or 200 A. D. could scarcely believe a world possible in which slavery would not be an accepted part of the economic system. Feudal lords of a later day no doubt shed many a tear as they needlessly grieved over the sad state of helplessness which would befall their servants should feudalism go into the discard. Slaveholders of our southern states no doubt regarded it as unthinkable that men with a black skin could continue to exist were they to be given their freedom.

It is not necessary to suppose that social and economic views of obscurantists flow entirely out of hearts filled with selfishness and malice. Some individuals are so prejudiced by the traditional backgrounds out of which they have come that they cannot see the advantages which would accrue even to them from a new order of things. The furious battle waged against social legislation in our own country during the past decade provides an abundance of evidence for this.

Whatever social and economic obscurantists may think or say, every informed Christian ought to realize that the force of love unloosed upon the human family through the life and teachings of Jesus Christ will continue to function as a leavening influence in human society in the future as it has during the past nineteen centuries and that by reason of this force further steps toward a more humane and enlightened social policy are likely to be taken in the days which lie ahead as they have been taken in the centuries now past. The thoughtful Christian who realizes that God views the human family as one and that He has created all men as inescapably interdependent will also understand that the soul of every Hottentot infant which needlessly dies from want of food will continue to haunt humanity until a greater measure of social justice and economic equity prevails throughout the world.

Praying Presidents

THE month of February marks the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, two great American presidents. It is important to note that both of these men believed staunchly in the power of prayer and that they turned confidently to the Heavenly Father for help and guidance in the solution of the great problems with which they were confronted. Americans of today

ought to derive no small measure of comfort from the knowledge that President Roosevelt, the present incumbent of the White House, has also repeatedly by word and deed revealed his faith in the power of prayer and his dependence upon divine guidance in the fulfilment of his all but superhuman tasks. If it is comforting to know that we have a president at the head of our country who prays, it would be equally reassuring could one be as certain that all Christian men and women throughout our land are praying for the president.

Have We Failed Youth?

THE criminal in our country has grown younger, and today crime has become largely a problem of youth.

Sociologists are agreed that crime is a deep-seated evil with its roots embedded in our various social institutions. In diagnosing crime we are, therefore, not to look for a single cause; we must seek to determine the various factors which contribute toward criminality and delinquency. From that angle Rodney H. Brandon, Director of Public Welfare in Illinois, analyzed the chief causes of crime when he spoke before the National Convention of the Optimists organization. His address was published in the October *Welfare Bulletin* under the title, "When We Fail Youth."

On the basis of prison statistics in Illinois, which he believes representative of conditions throughout the nation, Mr. Brandon makes two significant points. In the first place, he shows that there was a steady decline in the penal population from 1890 down to 1920, but that from 1920 to 1930 there was a sharp increase which, by 1935, had risen to two and one-half times the rate of fifteen years before. This means that one man out of every 150 of all our men is an inmate in one of our penal institutions; and, assuming that for every man in prison there is another man doing things which may shortly bring him into prison, Brandon feels safe to assume that every seventy-fifth man in America is a criminal. He furthermore finds that while prior to 1920 the average age of our prisoners was twenty-six years, the seventy-fifth man today is a twenty-one-year-old American boy.

In analyzing conditions and factors which produce the modern criminal Mr. Brandon finds that the period following a war is always productive of crime and delinquency. By this time juvenile delinquency in England has doubled since the outbreak of the present war; and, while the effects

are not as yet noticeable in our country, America has reason to tremble in view of our experience after the first World War.

Contrary to the notion which one at times hears expressed, those committed to our penal institutions between 1920 and 1935 were not returned soldiers but their younger brothers who had heard their fathers read from the newspapers the callous accounts of ruthless killing and wanton destruction on the battlefronts. Brutality and destruction of property, which the lads had learned to be wrong, was now considered right and virtuous. Is it surprising that the boys' concept of right and wrong was reversed? Must we not shudder when we think of the more powerful influence of the radio and the movie to which the young brothers of our soldiers today are exposed?

BRANDON'S study of the young American criminal has revealed him as the victim of homelessness, worklessness, churchlessness, and schoollessness.

Homes broken by divorce and untimely death of parents contribute much to the increase of our prison population. The devastating effect of the broken home would be still greater if it were not for our system of life insurance, governmental aid to widows and orphans, and the charitable institutions, many of which are maintained by the churches.

In response to a suggestion that for the building of a new cell house the plumbers, plasterers, and carpenters might be obtained from among the convicts, the warden of one of our large penitentiaries said that plumbers, plasterers, and carpenters don't go to prison because they have no time. This warden had observed that the men in prison are, as a rule, such as consider themselves too smart to work.

Although nearly all the prison inmates are, according to their records in the files, affiliated with some church, a closer investigation reveals that the majority cannot identify the church to which they claim to belong and that many have never been inside a church or Sunday school but merely wished to be pious in order to make themselves sooner eligible for parole.

While we have had compulsory education in America for many years, it shocks us to learn that the average man in our prisons has less than a third-grade education. Less than 3 per cent of our prison inmates are high-school graduates. Again one reaches the conclusion that people who go to school have no time to go to prison.

In the final analysis society is responsible for the enumerated

causes of crime and delinquency. Society tolerates conditions in the community which provide the setting or patterns for the prospective delinquents. Brandon's emphasis on the deplorable absence of religious influence is particularly significant. He says:

When the census taker asks you every ten years with what church you are affiliated, you and I and fifty per cent of all the people in America repudiate organized religion right then and there, which is another way of saying that only half of the people of America nominate a church to the census taker. My experience is that one-half of that half, or one-fourth of all the people in America, have only what I call a "wedding and funeral" relationship with religion. The family knows which minister to call in if someone is to be married or somebody is to be buried, but beyond that the family doesn't pay any attention to that institution that they insist must exist. They won't live in a community without it, but finding it there and having the comfort of the Sunday school bell, they go merrily on their way to the golf course.

Finally, he makes a severe indictment which, we fear, strikes many who believe that their Christianity is beyond reproach:

On Sunday morning we go to church and they sing the hymns that were sung when we were little children and we feel the little tears streaming down our cheeks and we have a bath of emotion such as we have not experienced in ten weeks. But can you imagine any one of us going down the street and slapping our friend Pete on the back and saying: "Pete, I want you to go to church with me next Sunday. It's wonderful!" We wouldn't do it. Analyze that, will you? I have been struggling with it for fifteen years. I have finally reached the conclusion that the reason we won't invite anybody to go to church with us is that we respect religion so much that we won't ask anybody to join it.

When society stands indicted of failing youth, the Christian home and the Christian school must extend their hands of rescue. The Church must rise to her opportunity by expanding her program of Christian training through the extension of her system of elementary and higher schools and by intensifying her efforts in Christian child-welfare endeavors.

Two Great Men

Two of the wisest men of our times set out on the night before Epiphany to see Him who was born King of the Jews. One was Dr. Abbott Lawrence Lowell, one of the most distinguished members of one of America's great families and for three decades president of Harvard College. The other was the humble little man from Tuskegee Institute, Dr. George Washington Carver,

considered by many the greatest chemist of our age.

The worlds these two men lived in between the eternities were as widely different as they could possibly be. Dr. Lowell's world, from earliest childhood, was peopled with the intellectual *aristoi* of the times. Dr. Carver, born of slaves and uncertain even of the year of his birth, grew up among his wretched brethren in the South.

Both men lived their time gallantly and honorably. And yet, the day after they died, our home newspaper gave the little Negro seven inches of type, and the great patrician three lines. Dr. Lowell would undoubtedly be the first to grant the fairness of that appraisal. For while Dr. Lowell was one of the great men of his generation, Dr. Carver was one of the great men of our century.

And so it was that on that Epiphany more than 1900 years after the first Epiphany, two wise men appeared before their King. We hope that the King was well pleased with their homage.

Perfumed Troubles

I USUALLY give my good wife Minnie something nice for the house as a Christmas present. One year I gave her a dandy washer and another year enough paint for the whole kitchen. But this last Christmas I couldn't seem to find anything that was just right because, I guess, what I wanted had been lent to the Russians or someone else. Then I thought of it that Minnie likes perfume. If I was the cheap kind of a fellow I would have got her some at the dime store. But not I. I went straight to the drug store.

The man from the hardware counter came over to wait on me. He asked me what flavor I was looking for. I didn't want to let on that I hadn't thought about that point, and so I asked, "What have you got?" "Well," he said—and he rattled off a string of words that made no sense. "What do they smell like?" I asked him. "Here's some—(it sounded like Mushky)," he said and shook the bottle and rubbed the glass cork against the right lapel of my overcoat. I let my nose down and said, "Smells to me like allspice." "Then how do you like this?" he asked and squirted some fog out of a little bottle a bit lower down on my lapel. I didn't like that so much either.

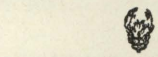
After he had put four or five more things on the other lapel, I told him, "That last one will do." "How much of it?" he wanted to know. "Oh," I guessed, "about half a pint or so." "Fine," he said, and after figuring a little, "I'll

make you that for $30." "What?" It popped right out of me. "You see," he smiled, "this is $4.00 an ounce, but on larger quantities we make you a price." "I see," I managed to say. "I'll think it over."

Then I went to the drug store on the opposite corner and let them put their samples on my sleeves, so the smell wouldn't get mixed up with what I had on my lapels. The last kind they had I liked the best and took a whole dollar's worth of it. They put it in the smallest bottle I ever saw.

When I got out on the street again I was surprised how the neighborhood smelled—good, but kind of different from anything I'd ever smelled before. I went into a grocery, and that smelled the same way. Four blocks I walked, and the smell was there all along. I began to wonder whether the whole world smelled like that now. Other people seemed to notice it too. I saw a man on the other side of the street stop and turn around and sniff in all directions. If you are smart you may have guessed already what was up: it was all that perfume on my overcoat. I realized it when a dog snuck away from me with his tail down and knees bent, looking at me over his shoulder with one big brown eye.

I had quite a time for a while. Everybody noticed me. Now it isn't so bad any more because the stuff is giving out and can't be smelled more than six feet or so. But it gets under my collar that some old hens in town are still cackling about what a shame it is, me setting out that way to be a gay dog of a lady-killer, with me having such a nice patient wife who keeps her fingernails short working for me—and all that kind of talk. It's because of that that I thought I ought to make this explanation to my friends, and now that I've made it I feel lots better.



Justice Will Be Meted Out

SEVENTEEN United Nations governments together with the French National Committee recently served notice on the Axis governments that property rights in the occupied countries will be restored to the rightful owners after the war. It is high time that this declaration was published and it should be welcome news to the thousands who have seen their rights ruthlessly trampled underfoot by the Axis conquerors and their property in securities, businesses, and homes confiscated. The total was sufficiently large to cause Hitler to boast in the early phases of the war that it was more than enough to finance the military cost of con-

quest and leave a handsome profit for the Reich.

The task of unscrambling the terrible omelette thus prepared by the Axis powers will be an enormous one after the war, but on that account it should not be given up, for, if we are waging a war to give to the common man security and freedom from want and fear, it is essential that the unfortunate peoples who have personally and directly felt the crushing heel of the conqueror must have restored to them what by every law of God and man belongs to them, if it is at all within our power to do so.

Why Read and Know the Bible

THE demand for the Bible is greater than that for any other book today. The amazing Bible revival which strains to the limit the facilities of the publishers is largely a result of the war, for the distribution of the Scriptures among our service men is unparalleled in the records of the American Bible Society.

Does this increased distribution of the Bible mean a correspondingly greater use of the Book of Books? It would be highly gratifying if we were assured that each new owner of a Bible were also an additional reader.

A recent Gallup poll tries to shed some light on the situation. Gallup interviewers, in trying to determine to what extent the war has induced people to read the Bible more than they did formerly, estimate on the basis of replies received that 4,000,000 Americans have become more diligent readers of the sacred Book. On the other hand, it may be assumed that in too many American homes the Bible is nothing more than an ornament on the table or shelf and that it is handled only when the seasonal housecleaning makes moving and dusting it necessary; for the replies received warrant the estimate that 35,000,000 persons of reading age have not opened their Bible within a year.

While the reliability of the Gallup method of national pulse-taking is very questionable from a scientific point of view, it is significant that one of our leading dailies, the *Chicago Daily News,* in its editorial reference to this Gallup report, deplores the fact that so many persons neglect to read the Bible, "this unique body of literature, covering millenniums of human experience from so many points of view." The writer of the editorial calls attention to the cultural value of a knowledge of the Bible as a source of religious and moral inspiration, and he points to famous statesmen and lawyers of the past who were

able to quote the Scriptures readily and by these citations made their messages and arguments more forceful and convincing.

Far be it from us to discourage the reading of the sacred Scriptures regardless of the motive; for we have the divine assurance that the word of God shall not return void. There are cases on record of unbelievers and atheists who read and studied the Bible for the express purpose of undermining and dethroning it, but who by the grace and power of the Holy Spirit became converted children of God through their contact with His word.

The Holy Scriptures are God's revelation to us of His plan of our salvation. They show man's natural sinful state, reveal God's infinite mercy, and prescribe the one and only method by which man may be rescued from an otherwise unescapable doom. Our motive for reading and study of the Bible should be the one given us by Jesus Himself when He said, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me."

Scrap Metal

THE war is teaching us many an old lesson which we quite forgot. One is thrift. The average American is starting to learn how to save, investing his money in war bonds and stamps for the lean years that lie ahead. We are even collecting and turning over to the government scrap metal. The last campaign demonstrated that we did a good job. We are told there will be further campaigns.

Scrap metal—there is much of it also in the literary market. All that's necessary is to go out and collect it. This editor has searched out some of it and is offering to readers of THE CRESSET some results of his first campaign.

May I begin by placing before those who review books for THE CRESSET the following bit of used, but still useful, iron (iron has nothing in common, so far as we know, with ironical). In his "Reflections on Book Reviewers" (*Illinois Libraries,* November, 1942) R. L. Meyer warns against the supercilious review, the airily flippant variety, the one which flourished in the twenties and was known as the "smart Aleck" review. He also chides the reviewer who praises every book to the very heavens and makes you believe you're out of the running unless you've read it. Equally to be feared is the reviewer who believes that every review must be biting, scathing, and condemnatory, like the blast which appeared a few years ago concerning a new volume on Mark Twain. Wrote the reviewer:

He (the author) has read Mark Twain's major writings to less effect than one would believe possible. If he has read all the minor writings, or such recent critics as Bernard DeVoto, he has successfully concealed the fact. From his readings he has produced the most inaccurate, the most superficial, and the most wrong-headed study of the great humorist which has yet appeared. . . . . It would be hard to say who is the biggest sucker: the author, who has taken his critical standards at second hand . . . . the publishers who have made no effort to correct him; or the reader who is foolish enough to buy a book of which the style would disgrace P. M. L. A. and the tone of a sophomore doing a term paper on an uncongenial assignment. . . . .

Then there is the reviewer who uses the review as a springboard from which his own ideas and theories on a subject can leap. He resembles the variety against which Eleanor L. Van Alen protested in 1937 in *The North American Review:*

He grinds his axe on the edges of any political, economic, popular, or straight scientific book he happens to be reviewing, forgetting the book in the joy of polishing his pet theories. Certainly a reviewer must have convictions of his own, but he need not whole-heartedly indulge his prejudices. He need not, say, give over the major portion of his review of a regional novel to propagandizing or publicizing the fate of the Southern share-croppers or the agrarian distributors' movement.

Superior book reviewing is an art. Mr. Beyer believes the following to be an example of a well-written evaluation. It was done by Lloyd Lewis, of Chicago, and is a review of Carl Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln.* Mr. Lewis wrote:

Sandburg was born for this particular job, and it has waited for him. A great American democrat has come at last to his most sympathetic and, at the same time, his most searchingly detailed portrait at the hands of another great American democrat. And the portrait seems, at this writing, to be one of the tallest sycamores in the forest of American literature, one of the landmarks in the history of our writing. But more important than that is the simple fact that when all of Lincoln's acts have been given the fullest examination, when quantities of little known incidents and stories have been resurrected, when the synthesis of massed evidence has been taken, the man emerges quite as the American people have visualized him. The most minute examination leaves him substantially where the people have fixed him in their affection. The people knew all along—the people yes!

The reference to Lincoln in the previous paragraph reminds us that in the month of February many good things will be said about Honest Abe, preserver of the Union. His Gettysburg address will resound from the lips of many an American boy and

girl. Yet there were other giants in those days. One of them was Carl Schurz (1829-1906), statesman, general, and publicist. We have scrapped this piece of precious metal from the oration which Carl Schurz delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, April 18, 1859:

They speak of the greatness of the Roman Republic. Oh sir, if I could call the proudest Roman from his grave, I would take him by the hand and say to him, Look at this picture, and at this! The greatness of the Roman Republic consisted in despotic rule over the world; the greatness of the American Republic consists in the secured right of man to govern himself. The dignity of the Roman citizen consisted in his exclusive privileges; the dignity of the American citizen consists in his holding the natural rights of his neighbor just as sacred as his own. The Roman Republic recognized and protected the rights of the citizen, at the same time disregarding and leaving unprotected the rights of man; Roman citizenship was founded upon monopoly, not upon the claims of human nature. What the citizen of Rome claimed for himself he did not respect in others; his own greatness was his only object; his own liberty, as he regarded it, gave him the privilege to oppress his fellow-beings. His democracy, instead of elevating mankind to his own level, trampled the rights of man into the dust. The security of the Roman Republic, therefore, consisted in the power of the sword; the security of the American Republic rests in the equality of human rights! The Roman Republic perished by the sword; the American Republic will stand as long as the equality of human rights remains inviolate. Which of the two Republics is the greater—the Republic of the Roman or the Republic of *man?*

A former resident of India examines the world's most perplexing problem—

What About India?

GEORGE J. KUECHLE

What varied opinions we constantly hear
Of our rich Oriental possessions,
What a jumble of notions distorted and queer
Form an Englishman's India impressions.
Hot winds, holy monkeys, tall minarets, rice,
With crocodiles, ryots and farmers,
Minalayas, fat babus with paunches and pice
So airily clad in pyjamas.

("Curry & Rice," by Captain G. F. Atkinson)

TWENTY-TWO years ago this very month of February we—a small party of Lutheran padres—stood on the famous Ridge overlooking Imperial Delhi. Earlier in the day we had visited the original site of this great city—prehistoric Indraprasthra, contemporary of ancient Troy, built by the Pandava Princes, heroes of the Mahabharata, the longest epic in any literature. We had also seen the tomb of Humayun, earliest example of Moghul architecture, built in 1565. From there we drove to New Delhi, eight to nine miles to the south, and beheld the huge buildings of the new capital taking form under the direction of English and Indian architects. Then back to the railway station for tiffin and a brief siesta. Resuming our tour, we passed through the streets and bazaars, all in gala attire in honor of the Duke of Connaught, the King-Emperor's eldest brother, who had come to India to inaugurate the new constitution. Driving out through the Kashmir Gate, we made our way to the Ridge, past the Mutiny Memorial, to Asoka's Pillar, where we left our tonga, walked and talked of India's past and present, passing the turbulent history of India in rapid review—a history going back almost four thousand years, the first half of which is, of course, largely lost in mythology, although archeology is yielding some very striking finds.

Let us begin with a few high-

lights from India's checkered past. Indian history, properly speaking, begins with the year 326 B. C., when Alexander the Great invaded the subcontinent from the northwest by the same way that the Aryans had preceded him at least 700 years before. Two centuries before Alexander there appeared that strange and fascinating figure on the Indian scene, the Buddha, Prince Siddharta, a contemporary of the prophet Daniel, who renounced his throne and founded Buddhism in protest against the pessimistic philosophy, the ritual, and the caste system of the Brahmin priests. About a hundred years after Alexander, Hindustan, that is, north India, was ruled by the most notable member of the Maurya dynasty, King Asoka (304 to 232 B. C.), who, after a career as conqueror, cultivated the arts and religion and advocated universal peace, espousing the doctrine of Ahimsa, Gandhi's great principle of nonviolence. Asoka set up huge stone columns in various parts of North India on which he inscribed his famous edicts, one of which we quote here:

> My highest duty is the promotion of the good of all. . . . . My exertions are made so that I may discharge my debt to all living beings, that I may make them happy in this world, and that they may obtain heaven in the world to come. For this purpose is this religious edict inscribed, that it may last forever, and that my sons and great grandsons may follow it, for the good of all. But this is difficult of achievement except by great and sustained effort.

From the Past

So wrote Asoka in 250 B. C. Did he achieve his noble aim? Only to a very limited degree. Soon after his death wave after wave of invaders poured in from the north—Scythian, White Hun, Moslem, and Moghul, among them also very likely a solitary figure, one who alone of all India's conquerors came, not to dispoil, but to enrich: St. Thomas, the Apostle, bringing with him the unsearchable riches of Christ. During the reign of the Moghuls (so the Mongols are called in India) came the Europeans: first the Portuguese, then the Dutch, the French, the Danes, and the British. Of all these only the British have endured and have established an empire such as India never knew before, an empire which is only eighty-five years old (counting from 1858, the date of the Mutiny), but which in reality goes back almost to Queen Elizabeth, when the first English ambassador was sent to the Moghul court. Now the question arises: How does the British Raj (rule) measure up to Asoka's aim? Before we answer this question, let us take a brief look at the Moghul Empire which pre-

ceded British rule. Historically speaking, the Moghul period extends from 1525, when Baber assumed the rank of Emperor of Hindustan in the gorgeous citadel of Agra, to the Mutiny in 1857, when the last monarch of the line was deposed by the English. Baber (1483-1530) had the blood of Tamerlane and Genghiz Khan in his veins, which would account for his boundless energy and the artistic capacity of the whole dynasty. The Moghuls were great builders, as witness their palaces, thrones, forts, mosques, and tombs. The Peacock Throne in Delhi, carried to Persia in 1739 by Nadir Shah, was estimated by a French jeweler to be worth $60,000,000. Outward splendor, but inner decay and intrigue, characterized Moghul rule almost from the very start.

Akbar (1542-1605), grandson of Baber and greatest of the Moghuls, is sometimes compared to Asoka, in as much as he also, toward the end of his reign, took a special interest in religion and philosophy, e. g., he sent for the recently arrived Jesuit missionaries at Goa, kissed the Bible which they presented to him, and arranged for religious discussions between them and the Moslem moulvis. Akbar's son, Jehangir, it was who built that magnificent tomb on the banks of the Jumna, near Agra, called the Taj Mahal, in memory of his favorite consort. However, the Moghuls, with all their might, magnificence, and, be it added, brutality, went the way of all flesh.

So far as the English are concerned, they came originally not as conquerors but as traders. Unlike the Virginia Company, founded about the same time (1608), not only to trade, but to colonize America, the East India Company was cautioned from the very beginning by Sir Thomas Roe, the aforementioned first ambassador at the Moghul court, not to waste money on conquest but to engage only in "quiet trade." But peaceful trade was impossible in the chaos that accompanied the gradual break-up of the Moghul Empire, particularly since the French were trying their utmost to establish their rule. So the East India Company had to reverse its commercial policy. Then began those reckless and ruthless days of Robert Clive and Warren Hastings, who, by fair means and foul, laid the foundations of the British Raj amid the anarchy, corruption, and extortion of Oriental misrule.

Britain in India

INDEED, the beginning of British rule in India was bad, and it took some time before public opinion in England and Parliament recognized this fact — and

took action, as they eventually did, for example, in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Meanwhile the humanitarian movement which sprang from the Evangelical Revival was gathering strength in England; and Burke, the great Irish parliamentarian, began to enunciate the principle of "trusteeship" for the East India Company. Finally Parliament passed the Regulating Act of 1784, the first of a long series of Parliamentary enactments affecting the welfare of India. In piloting this great bill through the House of Commons the younger Pitt, prime minister at the time, gave two reasons for bringing British activities in India under state control. The first was "to confirm and enlarge the advantage derived by this country (England) from its connexion with India," and the second was "to render that connexion a blessing to the natives of India."

As the unbiased observer views the developments of British rule in India during the past hundred odd years, he cannot but admit that, notwithstanding many blots and blunders, the English connection has been a distinct blessing to India, not an unmixed blessing, but a blessing nevertheless, particularly since the year the Mutiny ended, when Queen Victoria took over the rule and, in her famous Proclamation, affirmed the desire of Parliament to "administer the government for the benefit of all our subjects" and "to stimulate the peaceful industry of India."

Decades before this Lord Bentinck (1828-35), under whom India, both Hindustan and Dekkan (that is, North and South India) were brought "under one umbrella," as the Tamils so graphically say, introduced humanitarian reforms, such as the abolition of suttee and the suppression of thugs. Among the many material benefits of British rule might be mentioned justice for all, including the outcasts; a higher standard of living and of health; a marvelous network of irrigation canals, preventing the periodic famines that used to kill the Indians by the million; an equally marvelous system of railroads; post and telegraph; yes, also modern industry, although it must be said that until very recently commercial policy was too often dictated by British interest.

EDUCATION has been fostered in India, although somewhat sparingly. The Government encourages the spread of private schools such as those founded by the many missionary societies and supports them financially with a liberal grant-in-aid policy. In the last twenty-five years seventeen

universities – to mention only what occurred at the top of the educational pyramid – were established in addition to the original five, viz., Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Lahore, and Allahabad, which are all over fifty years old. Yes, we know literacy is still low and poverty appalling; but both are constantly being improved. Above all, the English have, in the words of Lord Halifax, "been trying to give *unity* to India where there was, and still to a great extent persists, disunity." Your Indian nationalist will, of course, deny this most vehemently. In fact, he claims that Great Britain has encouraged the very opposite, viz., communalism and factionalism; but the facts are against him. The British have also given to India *security* and peace, *pax Britannica,* as it is called; and they have tried to develop India's political life. As progressive steps in this direction, we might point to the Act of 1833, twenty-five years before the Queen's Proclamation, which asserted the principle of equal status for all British subjects, including the poorest coolie; likewise the Council Acts of 1861 and 1892, which introduced popular election and representation; then the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909, which widened the scope of these representative bodies. After World War I came the Act of 1919 with a new Constitution, sometimes called the watershed in British-Indian history, in as much as up to that year the tendency had been the extension of *British* rule, whereas henceforth the emphasis was on *Indian* rule. In his famous Pronouncement preceding the 1919 Act, Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, who visited India in 1917, defined the Indian policy of the British government as the

> increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.

RIGHT here a fallacy frequently met with must be corrected, viz., that Britain has violated her previous pledges to India. That is simply not true. T. A. Raman, of the United Press of India, staunch nationalist and friend of Gandhi, declared in New York recently:

> Our complaint in India has been not that Britain broke any pledges, but that she refused to make a definite commitment, such as India has now got in the Cripps Declaration. All the promise that Britain gave in the past was that she would progressively develop self-government in India, and this promise was discharged by the two Acts of Parliament between the last war and this; the first,

passed in 1919, gave partial autonomy in the provinces, and no power in the central government (at Delhi), while the second, passed in 1935, gave full self-government in the provinces and partial self-government in the centre.

1919-1935

IN conclusion let us briefly survey British-Indian relations between the two Acts of 1919 and 1935. The period began with many serious disturbances: terrorism in Bengal, uprisings in the Punjab, a rebellion in peaceful South India, etc. Indian nationalists were clamoring for *Swaraj* (home rule). Some wanted dominion status within the Empire, such as Canada and Australia had, whereas the leftists wanted *Purna Swaraj,* that is, complete independence from the Empire. The Government was forced to take repressive measures in the so-called Rowlett Acts which the hitherto loyal Gandhi called "acts of a satanic government" and promptly launched his passive resistance campaign, eventually finding himself in jail. The Congress Party decided to take part in the elections, but only for the express purpose of wrecking the government from within. Under Lord Irwin (now Viscount Halifax, British ambassador in Washington) the situation improved until the Simon commission arrived in 1928 to enquire into the working of the 1919 Constitution. The Commission was boycotted by the Nationalists, but many liberal Indians worked with it, and Gandhi, who was deeply impressed by the Viceroy's sincerity, called a truce to his campaign, was released from prison, and proceeded to London to attend the second Round Table Conference in 1931. However, he was unconstructive and returned to India early in 1932, a disillusioned man. Soon after he broke with the Nationalist Movement, withdrew from the so-called Congress Party and devoted himself to the cause of the untouchables, the Harijan, for whom he named his new paper. In passing it should be noted that Gandhi is a confirmed Hindu, primarily concerned with preserving Hinduism, including the caste system, in which he is trying to find a place for the untouchables, that is, the outcasts.

Meanwhile, after seven years of inquiry and debate, the Act of 1935, with a very voluminous Constitution, came into being, consisting of two parts. First, the eleven provinces of British India became virtually autonomous, having approximately the same power of home rule as any of our states. Congress Party candidates again stood for election and were successful in eight of the eleven

provinces. Second, the Constitution also proposed an All-India *Federation,* consisting not only of the eleven provinces, but of the many hundreds of Native or India States as well, with an All-India Cabinet under the Viceroy. This second part of the Constitution never came into force, mainly because satisfactory agreements with the princes could not be made. The verdict of a leading constitutional authority in England, Prof. A. B. Keith, on this Constitution is:

> It is difficult to resist the impression that either responsible government should have been frankly declared impossible or the reality conceded.... For the federal scheme it is difficult to feel any satisfaction.

The Indian ministries in the Provinces had hardly begun to function — and they did well — when war came in 1939; and India, in accordance with the law, was declared belligerent by the Viceroy, without, however, consulting the Legislatures, whereat the Congress Party ordered all its ministries to resign in protest. Since then there has been a political deadlock; and, with Japan capturing Singapore and Burma and knocking at the eastern gate of India, the situation became very precarious. Something had to be done, and this the War Cabinet finally did in a dramatic move by sending out the Deputy Premier, Sir Stafford Cripps, in March of this year. The details of the Cripps Mission with its apparent failure, the reasons for its failure, and the moot question of American intervention or mediation between Britain and India, will be discussed next month.

THE ASTROLABE

BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND W. G. POLACK

APOLOGY TO THE GRACKLES

This department has received a letter from one of its readers which had a dime attached to it with adhesive tape and had this opening sentence: "The enclosed dime is to provide you with a *Blue Book of Birds of America* which may be obtained at your nearest ten cent store." The letter went on to say that from this guide we would be able to learn that the grackle and the starling are not the same bird.

Related, yes. But not the same. I can enumerate the differences, but I am sure you will learn them for the sake of accuracy and truth. Next spring when the first grackle *pater familias* struts inimitably across your lawn, his wife and children with him, do observe his yellow eyes, his long tail, his gleaming collar and offer him an apology for your article in the current CRESSET.

The *Blue Book of Birds* was found in the nearest ten-cent store, it was immediately consulted, and we take this very first opportunity to offer our apology to the grackles—the whole family, the bronze and the purple. The birds are indeed described by this authority as beautiful creatures, the one with a bronze body and peacock blue or green head and neck, the other with dark metallic plumage. Quite evidently they are not identical with the starlings which, according to the *Blue Book of Birds,* "assemble in small groups which later are combined to form flocks of thousands."

While the grackles also travel in large flocks, they are said to do a world of good during the

breeding season by eating destructive insects, and the chorus of the purple grackle is said to make "a pleasing medley."

We conclude that it is the starling, a bird with the disagreeable Latin name *Sternus Vulgaris,* that deserves, both on account of its prolific breeding and the objectionable features connected with its settling upon the neighborhood, the hard things we said about the grackle in our November issue.

WE ADD TO OUR GEM COLLECTION

The astrolabe in the hands of medieval mariners was used to tell the time of day and geographical location by obtaining the distance of planets and stars above the horizon. The instrument, which you see at the head of this column, did not concern itself with anything else but bright little specks of light standing out from the inky blackness of the sky. And so we leave to others the discussion and characterization of large-scale events, while ours is the field of affairs of small moment, compared with the events mentioned in the newspaper headlines, yet no less significant for that matter.

There is the story of the Russian winter offensive, one of the greatest military feats of recorded history, of which the books will tell as long as people will read history. But in that story of the destruction of great armies — twenty-two divisions, as this is being written — I find embedded a copy of the handbill scattered by Red aviators upon the Nazi lines, reading thus:

> No bells ring in the Christmas festival for you, soldier. Only the Russian wind sings your early death. Snow swirls over the icy steppe. The specter of destruction dances in the fading dusk. Death ever searches your ranks for new bounty.

When a United Press correspondent was permitted to visit the Stalingrad front, he reported an observation of the leader of the Red forces in that section. Asked to what single cause he attributed the successful defense of the Russian city, Lieut. Gen. Chuikov said: "The defenders of Stalingrad assumed that there is no land beyond the Volga. That was the end of their world."

At Hartford, Connecticut, a group of 100 draftees were boarding a train. Mrs. Albert Yost, of West Hartford, was on hand to bid farewell to her son Howard, when an unidentified youth stepped up and said, "Will you please kiss me goodby? You see, I have no mother." Mrs. Yost, complied. The youth disappeared before she could ask his name.

Then there are the burning words of Henry J. Kaiser, the amazing West Coast shipbuilder, who said, speaking at a dinner of the National Association of Manufacturers:

Modern warfare on a global scale presents man at his best and at his worst. Here, the whole gamut of scientific discovery is lavishly expended to create speed, power and efficiency. Every day we are approaching new perfections in technique, yet we are constantly aware of the immeasurable tragedy in the fact that all this magnificent effort is for the moment employed to destroy.

Worthy to be carved in everlasting granite, the words of the Roman Catholic Bishop Johannes Mueller, Vicar Apostolic of Sweden, addressed in the name of all Swedish Catholics to the Archbishop of the Swedish Lutheran State Church, Archbishop Erling Eidem:

It fills our hearts with bitter pain and constant trembling to know that in Europe, which was and still should be a Christian part of the world, thousands of people are persecuted, tormented or killed, or are mercilessly driven from home and homeland to be thrust into exile and misery because of race or because they have defended the freedom of their country and their ancient rights inherited from their forefathers.

For the present just one more item from the immortal saga of the Rickenbacker party rescued from the Pacific after twenty-two days adrift. When the aviators realized that they had overshot their mark and that over a trackless ocean their gasoline was running low, they began to look for land and got "island eyes":

We kept flying and decided to try the old box method of computing our position. We looked for a ship or an island. You know, out there, you get island eyes—you see land from many different angles but they're just cloud shadows. And when you really want to see land, they multiply tenfold.

BELIEVING WHAT'S IN THE PAPERS

One of the easiest ways of escape for the isolationist who continues to protest that we "really have no business over there" is indicated in the phrase at the head of this paragraph. You can't believe what's in the papers—that's just a newspaper story—propaganda stuff of the war correspondents—by some such phrase the story of persecutions of the Jews and of the enslavement of civil populations is brushed aside. Also regarding events on the home front, the rationing program, the characterizations of men and women in public life, the changing spectacle of national politics, the

easy phrase is heard, "Well, after all, it may just be a newspaper story."

Against this opinion I am willing to defend the proposition that the newspaper, aside from making a profit for its owners, has but a single object—*to tell the truth.* Anyone who is at all acquainted with the field of journalism will admit that this is stating a simple fact. I need not point out the lesson which every American editor was taught by the collapse of the *Literary Digest.* This magazine, one of the most influential in the United States, collapsed and passed out of existence by reason of its publication of a single mistaken estimate of the results of an approaching election. It is safe to say that if the most powerful newspaper in New York or Chicago were caught on three successive days deliberately and for the purpose of misleading the public, falsifying the facts, it could escape a ruinous loss of prestige only by public apologies and the discharge of the offending editor or reporter.

As a matter of fact, if you will look into your files of World War I you will not be able to point out a single political or military move which was misrepresented by the fraternity of editors or reporters. The exception must be made in the case of the headline writers whose work is guided, in the case of many newspapers, by the purpose of increasing the news-stand patronage.

The newspaper reader can depend on it, if a story is discovered in need of correction, that correction will be made. This does not mean that a newspaper will print a "correction" whenever a reader protests that the Maid of Honor's name should have been spelled Evelyn instead of Eveline, or in the case of other slips which do harm to no one. But in their dealing with men's characters and with the reputation of organizations, parties, national groups, any error that has slipped into the reporting will invariably, so far as my observation goes, receive public correction.

As this is being written, the newspapers are correcting the story of the multi-lettered questionnaire which caused the wrath of Senator Vandenberg at a Senate committee hearing. At this hearing the Office of Price Administration, by reason of a questionnaire which called for information on certain package goods, was mentioned as an example of bureaucracy running wild. Astonished committee members were introduced to Government form No. 1-1071-PLOF-5-NOBU-COS-WP—these letters and numerals in themselves evidence of the

amazing complexity of the reports which business men and other citizens are required to answer. Two days later the correction was supplied by the Budget Bureau. Director Harold D. Smith said the symbols had nothing to do with the questionnaire. "They are merely the printer's notations for his own convenience," he said.

Here is Smith's translation:

1—Printer's designation for Office of Price Administration.

1071—Serial number of job performed for OPA.

PLOF5—Misprint of "P1 of 5," meaning this is the first page of five pages.

NOBU—"No Back-Up." Printing instruction.

COS—"Collating and Stapling." Printing instruction.

WP—"Wrap." Printing instruction.

Now the point is that this story, which certainly had not done any great injury to anyone, was duly corrected by the Associated Press and was given space by newspapers which had carried the original story. No newspaper or magazine claims infallibility in its reporting or in its editorial opinion. But it is safe to say that the daily press can be depended on as a purveyor of authentic news and that it prizes the reputation for truthful reporting as the greatest asset which a newspaper can possess.

THE CHURCH AND THE PEACE

All the world is looking forward to the coming peace and the period of reconstruction after the war, and many are wondering what part the Church will have in the reconstruction of a shattered world and how the Church will fare under the new conditions that are developing. Will the churches be able, for instance, to take up their foreign mission work where they left off at the war's coming? It seems to be agreed that the churches "will encounter in all mission countries, but pre-eminently in Japan, a set of conditions different from any they have met before." Another question asked is: Will the churches in the reconstruction have to co-operate, or can each denomination or group go its own way more or less, as heretofore? The noted Dr. E. Stanley Jones, in a recent issue of the *Christian Century,* holds that reconstruction is simply impossible without co-operation among the churches; and he, therefore, proposes a Church federal union—now.

Dr. Jones thinks that those enthusiasts are crying for the moon who call for amalgamation, in which the churches would lose their names, their organizations, their policy, their distinctiveness, themselves. The history of the past shows that such amalgamations either do not endure or give rise to new sectarian groups. Instead, he suggests a federal union of churches after the general pattern of the federal union established by the American colonies, but to make it as world-wide as the world federal union of nations which is in almost every plan for postwar world reconstruction now being put forward.

WHAT WOULD FEDERAL UNION MEAN?

The different churches would become branches of one church. "The Church of Christ in America" would have a Baptist Branch, a Lutheran Branch, an Episcopal Branch, a Salvation Army Branch, etc. The sovereign body, "the Church of Christ in America," would function through a General Assembly whose powers would be delegated to it by the branches through their representatives in the General Assembly. There would be state and county and city assemblies. Since the branches would now be branches of the same church, overlapping and duplication would be wrong against itself and its own efficiency. The fundamental change would be from competition to co-operation.

In each nation the church would be thus organized: the Church of Christ in Britain, in Norway, in France, in India, etc. Over these national branches would be "The World Assembly of the Church of Christ," with delegated powers from the national assemblies, and dealing with issues that concern the church as a whole, and expressing the voice of the Christian Church on world affairs.

The branches would be self-governing. Each would determine its own branch policy, its own customs, its own distinctive teachings. Amalgamation of two or more branches would be left to their own decision. Altar and pulpit fellowship among the branches would have to be determined by the respective branches.

DOCTRINAL BASIS

This would be St. Peter's confession (Matt. 16), "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.... Upon this rock I will build My Church." The rock was

the confession made by St. Peter. This would be the rock-foundation of the organization. Every branch, including the Roman Catholics, that would confess this faith would be eligible to join the federation. Says Dr. Jones:

> Obviously, the Roman Catholic Church is not prepared to look on itself as a branch and the others as branches. But we do not shut the door. The door is always open—on this basis..... Any Church that refuses to acknowledge itself only a branch and others as branches can no longer talk of church union, for what it really is asking for is not union but amalgamation with itself, in other words, absorption.

WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE?

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which now has only advisory functions, could be transformed into the executive of "The General Assembly of the Church of Christ in America." India has "The National Christian Council." So has China. The World Council of Churches formed at Utrecht, Holland, just before the outbreak of the war and which is to take permanent form when peace returns, could be the executive of the "World Assembly of the Church of Christ."

The plan presupposes conditions not yet in evidence and an amenability on the part of existing church groups to submerge their identity—a conclusion which the history of the past does not warrant. Its doctrinal basis, as good as it is in itself, is not specific enough; and a union on so broad a basis would simply mean that what is now called "denominational competition" would become "civil warfare" inside the federal union. That this plan, or any similar plan, will not be immediately acceptable to the various denominational bodies is evident from the reception accorded the plan for a "North American Council of Churches" proposed at the recent Cleveland meeting of seven major North American interfaith agencies. The *Living Church* reported, "Unanimity as to the desirability of the new plan, which will take over the functions of the seven interdenominational organizations, was not by any means evident."

We can conceive of world conditions that might make it most urgent to arrange for a basis of co-operation in externals among the churches of the world; but we are not convinced that Dr. Stanley Jones' plan is workable, nor that it is the real solution for what is, as it always has been, the evil of a divided visible church.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations With a Sacred Cow

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

S. C. I'm sure that you prefer classical music to popular music.

A. You're touching a sore spot, Mrs. Cow. I wish I could express in words how intensely I loathe some of the pigeonhole methods that so many men and women employ when they speak and write about the fine arts. How utterly nonsensical it is to try to divide music into the two categories you mention! I don't deny that pigeonholes often serve an important and helpful purpose in the scheme of things. They frequently bring order out of chaos. Sometimes, however, they lead to confusion of the worst kind.

Let's look at the word classical which flows from your tongue with such well-oiled glibness. When you used that term a moment ago, you weren't, I'm sure, speaking of the "classical" school in composition as opposed to the "romantic," the "modern," and the "ultra-modern" movements. No, you had something entirely different in mind. When you and your kith and kin divide music into "classical" and "popular" types, you use "classical," I take it, in the sense of highbrow and "popular" in the sense of lowbrow. Am I right?

S. C. Almost.

A. Well, consider Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. It's popular — far more popular, in fact, than all the "popular" song hits that are now enjoying their brief sojourn in the throats of what Plato and his fellow-Greeks called the *hoi polloi,* the rank and file. But do you speak of Beethoven's *Fifth*

as "popular" music? You do not. It's a *symphony,* you see; and far be it from you and your companions in inept pigeonholing to say that a symphony is ever "popular" music. To you it's "classical." How asinine! Or, in your case, how characteristically bovine!

Another thought. From the pen of Mozart we have a little *Sonata in C Major* which for decades on end has triumphantly survived the many kinds of cruel punishment inflicted on it all over the world by piano-pounders young and old. It's a beautiful composition — a composition deliciously tuneful in quality. It's Mozart to the very marrow. But bear in mind that it's a *sonata.* Consequently, Mrs. Cow, you dare not put it into the pigeonhole which you reserve for "popular" music.

Some time ago a tunesmith in quest of melodic material subjected his brain to what, for want of a better term, I shall call an inspiration. What was the result? From his cranium there emerged a song with a title which had something to do with an eighteenth-century drawing-room. No, the tune-twister didn't try to pull the wool over our eyes. He had used a goodly portion of the principal theme of Mozart's *Sonata in C. Major.* Naturally, he had resorted to some marring and distorting; but what's a little marring and distorting among tune-tinkers? At any rate, our hit-fabricator had pilfered in a manner entirely legal and aboveboard. What happened? His song rang the bell, as they say in elegant English. It took wings of the morning and flew swiftly and caressingly into millions of homes. Wonder of wonders, a fragment of a "classical" composition had, by the magic of adroit tune-tinkering and by the alchemy of "plugging" and ballyhoo, won for itself a place in the pigeonhole set apart for those works that have every right to be labeled "popular." Furthermore, this particular tidbit had come, in part, from that school of writing which historians are in the habit of calling "classical" in contra-distinction to "romantic," "modern," and, save the mark, "ultra-modern." Perhaps the little hit which sang so engagingly and with such titillating charm about an eighteenth-century drawing-room had more blue blood in its veins than the abominations that sailed the seven seas of ephemeral popularity under the banners of Tchaikovsky, Grieg, and other composers who, according to the verdict of many historians and many critics, never set foot in the sacred halls of the "classical" school.

S. C. What you say sounds logical enough; but you'll never be able to do away with the popular

distinction between "popular" and "classical" music. The pigeonhole method of classifying compositions may, in many instances, be founded on lopsided reasoning; but it's here to stay, and I, for one, have no desire to slap John Q. Public in the face by intimating that he's pigheaded in his thinking.

A. Why take John Q. Public to task? It's the sacred cows and their bloodrelatives who, in the last analysis, are to blame for foisting upon him so many misconceptions with respect to the arts.

S. C. Thanks! You evidently don't set great store by our contributions to civilization and culture.

A. You do a great deal of good; but in some respects you're evils. Maybe you're necessary evils.

S. C. Thanks again! You, I suppose, consider it your bounden duty to reform the world.

A. No, Mrs. Cow, I have no such purpose. I'm not wise enough for that. In fact, I'm glad that there are sacred cows and more sacred cows on earth. Yes, they're in the habit of muddying the waters of thought; but wouldn't the study of the tonal art be far less fascinating than it actually is if they didn't lock horns at times with the apostates?

I have more to say about your division of music into "classical" and "popular" types. Have you ever heard, or heard of, Morton Gould's *Latin American Symphonette?*

S. C. No.

A. Would the title symphonette induce you to number this work among the so-called "classical" compositions? Or do you think that the term symphonette is somewhat less imposing than the word symphony and, consequently, more in accord with what you and your fellow-addicts of the pigeonhole would dub "popular"?

S. C. Are you trying to be facetious?

A. No. Maybe you've forgotten for the moment that there are two schools of thought among those who talk so volubly about "classical" music as distinguished from that which is called "popular." Every one of them declares that symphonies must needs be "classical"; but some declare that symphonettes are "classical," and others shout from the chimneypots that the term symphonette permits them to let down the bars and use the word "popular." But what would they say if the composer had called his work a *sinfonietta* instead of a symphonette?

I suppose the wide-awake and more liberal-minded among the sacred cows know that Mr. Gould's *Latin American Sym-*

phonette contains a rousing and riproaring "Guaracho." And how, in the name of the special kind of pabulum on which sacred cows feed, could a "Guaracho" so stirring in its tunefulness and so gripping in its rollicking rhythms be anything but "popular"? Would your friends make the same statement and ask the same question about the last movement of Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony?* I'm sure they wouldn't. Yet it, too, is full of life and vigor; it bubbles over with bright, ear-tickling melodies. In fact, it's a veritable torrent of the type of tunefulness that gets into your blood and bones. When you hear it, you want to dance for joy. Some say that Beethoven based the movement on an Irish folk tune; and Olin Downes, of the *New York Times,* finds "Homeric horseplay" in the great composer's manipulation of the thematic material. Nevertheless, isn't it an ironclad law among most men and women that any composition from the pen of Beethoven must, in the very nature of things, be branded as "classical"? Besides, wasn't Beethoven one of the outstanding representatives of the "classical" school of writing?

S. C. You must admit, my good friend, that a composition can be popular without being "popular" as opposed to "classical"?

A. Indeed! Again you're resorting to what Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, would have called "a most ingenious paradox"; but, ingenious or not ingenious, you create confusion when you bandy terms about with such unctuous and cocksure glibness.

S. C. You yourself used the same "ingenious paradox" at the beginning of our discussion.

A. You're right, Mrs. Cow. I couldn't resist the temptation. Apostates and sacred cows, you see, have at least one thing in common: they're human. And, lest we forget, it's by no means paradoxical to speak of sacred cows as being human.

I take it that you would call Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* "highbrow" and that, after much cud-chewing, you might be inclined to brand Mr. Gould's *Latin American Symphonette* "lowbrow."

S. C. Have it your way. But wouldn't you make a clear-cut distinction between "light" music and "heavy" music?

A. You insist on rubbing salt into sore spots.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Maine Family Robinson

WE TOOK TO THE WOODS. By Louise Dickinson Rich. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1942. 322 pages. Illustrated with photographs. $2.75.

Six years ago a witty, intelligent, and resourceful American girl renounced the comfort and the sophistication of a great metropolis and literally "took to the woods." City-born and city-bred, Louise Dickinson was a teacher of English in a Boston school when her marriage to Ralph Rich caused her to be transplanted to a remote and well-nigh inaccessible spot in the northwesternmost corner of the State of Maine.

Here, between the Boundary Mountains and the Blue Mountains, lies a high, wild valley, the basin that holds the Rangeley Lakes. The country is criss-crossed with ridges, dotted with swamps and logans, and covered with dense forest. There are very few people living here, and no roads down into what we call The Outside. There are a few narrow trails, but travel through the woods is so difficult, with the swamps and blowdowns and underbrush, that the lakes have remained what they were to the Indians, the main thoroughfare.

I like to think of the lakes, coming down from the north of us like a gigantic staircase to the sea. Down they drop, from level to level, through short, snarling rivers. I wish I could make you see them—long, lovely lonely stretches of water, shut in by dark hills. The trees come down to the shore, the black growth of fir and pine and spruce streaked with the lighter green of maple and birch. There is nothing at all on the hills but forest, and nobody lives there but deer and bear and wildcats.

Forest Lodge, the Riches' home, is located in a clearing on Rapid River, about halfway between two lakes. During the summer months access to The Outside is relatively easy, and many visitors travel along the Carry Road. But after the autumn freeze-up the Riches must rely entirely on the radio and the United States Mail for contact with, and news of, the vast and confusing maelstrom which we so proudly call civilization.

How has it worked out, this exciting experiment in living? Mrs. Rich has embodied her experiences in an

enchanting and heart-warming book. *We Took to the Woods,* the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for November, 1942, answers the insistent questions which solicitous friends and curious acquaintances are wont to ask. "But how do you make a living?" "But you don't live here all the year 'round?" "Isn't housekeeping difficult?" "Aren't the children a problem?" "What do you do with all your spare time?" "Don't you ever get bored?' "Aren't you ever frightened?" "Don't you get awfully out of touch?" "Do you get out very often?"

Mrs. Rich's replies to these queries reveal a penetrating insight into human nature and an infectious zest for living. Hers is an engaging tale of adventure, well and intelligently written and sparkling with genuine humor.

LIFE in the deep woods is not easy. When the nearest grocery store is forty miles away, housekeeping entails careful and painstaking planning. Illnesses and accidents take on terrifying significance when one's closest neighbor lives eight to ten miles away and hours, even days, must elapse before a doctor can make his way through the woods to your home. Plumbing, heating, and lighting facilities are crude and primitive. The forests which stretch for miles to the north and to the south of Forest Lodge are a constant reminder of the greatest fear which torments all the residents of Middle Dam, or of anyone else who lives in the woods. Danger of a forest fire is always imminent. The matter of earning a livelihood is, apparently, not too difficult for the Riches. Both are writers, and Ralph Rich occasionally acts as a guide for the "sports" who come from The Outside. They have very little spare time in which to become bored or worried or discontented, and so far they have had little desire to "get out." Ralph and Louise Rich have two children: a son, Rufus, who arrived unexpectedly but safely on a cold December night with only a harassed father on hand to greet him, and a baby daughter who was born last spring during Mrs. Rich's first visit outside. Before long the problem of a formal education will have to be solved; but for the present Mrs. Rich says:

> I cannot bring myself to believe that our children are hopelessly handicapped because they take baths in washtubs in front of the kitchen range, read by kerosene lamps, and sleep in unheated bedrooms. Perhaps the best thing we can give them in a world where the possession of material things becomes more and more precarious, in a world of marching armies and destruction-dealing skies, is a tough-fibred indifference to heat and cold and comfort and discomfort. We can give them a happy childhood to remember, a way of life they will be willing to die to protect if the need arises.

Only one question really annoys Mrs. Rich. When someone asks, "Don't you get fearfully out of touch?" she is invariably tempted to reply, "Oh, nuts!"

No, poor Riches, we don't have plays and music and contact with sophisticated minds, and a round of social engagements. All we have are sun and wind and rain, and space in which to move and breathe. All we have are the calm expanses of the lakes and time to

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

. . . the days of Creation are in the hands of the angels

On the morning of the thirtieth of April, 1877, the Grosvenor Gallery in London opened its doors for the first, so-called private, view of paintings by artists that were not represented in the Royal Academy. The new exhibition made good at once its title to respect. It brought to a congenial light some painters who either could not, or would not, face the destructive glare of larger galleries and it showed that under such conditions their work was good and earnest.

Perhaps the very best thing that happened was that it revealed for the first time to many people, even among the most art-loving, a vital power until then existing unrecognized and almost unheard-of in their midst. To most, the name Edward Burne-Jones, nowadays a spell to conjure up entrancing visions, was as vague and as empty of significance as almost anything could be.

Burne-Jones exhibited very completely in this very first showing. First in perfection of design and coloring were the six panels of the "Angels of Creation" which were nearly, if not quite, equalled by "The Mirror of Venus" and "The Beguiling of Merlin" to complete a noble trio of larger works, illustrating respectively the symbolic, the pictorial, and the more literary sides of the artist's development. Out of this group we have chosen the symbolic "Angels of Creation" to emphasize the work which Edward Burne-Jones has done in the religious field. Copies of these "Angels of Creation" are found all over the world. In the city of Chicago alone, there are three churches that have incorporated the "Angels of Creation" in their windows.

The first five months of 1876 were wholly given up "to the Angels of Creation" which were then finished after ten months work altogether. These six beautiful panels were original designs for a window erected in 1874 in Tamworth Church, representing the vision seen by Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. They were exhibited at the opening of the Grosvenor in 1877, again at Birmingham in 1885 and at the New Gallery in 1893. The reproductions here show the grace and beauty of the figures, the skilled composition in which uniformity and variety are equally attained, the intricate invention of the draperies, the elegance of line and form, and the subtle renderings of shape and texture in the wings, but it is unfortunately impossible to convey in any reproduction of this kind the marvelous tenderness and modulation of the coloring which, avoiding monotony, still knits the six separate panels into one harmonious whole.

The Angel of the First Day

The first one, a six-winged seraph with the flame significant of energy upon her brow standing upon the vague greenness of the void and holding the globe of the universe enclosing the spheres of light and darkness, has wings of a grey purple graduating in places into deepest blue and relieved here and there with touches of pure gold. "And God divided the light from the darkness."

The Angel of the Second Day

The second, with her sad eyes, draped in a robe of blue blending into greys, and with many hued wings of green and gold, displays the ordering of chaos. "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament."

The Angel of the Third Day

The third, also in blues, the various shades brightened with flakes of gold, stands on dry land studded with a few forlorn flowers, and shows the birth of delicate foliage within her mystic globe. "And God said, 'Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth.' "

The Angel of the Fourth Day

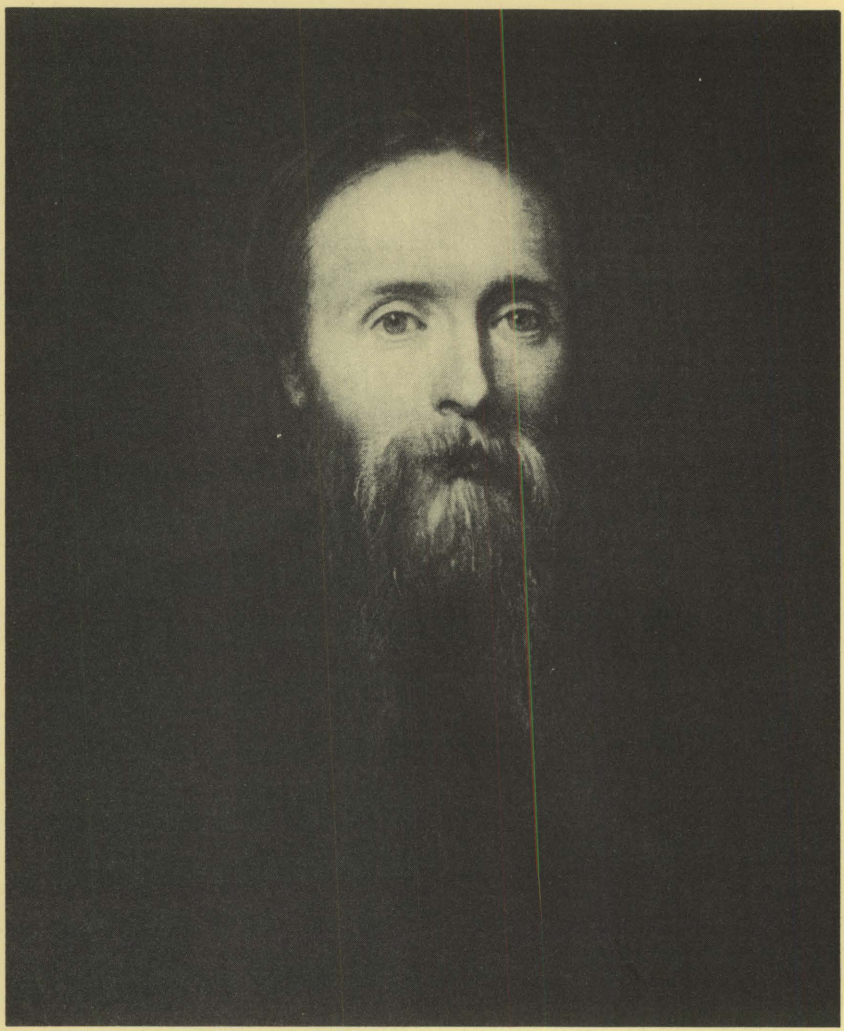
In the fourth, the gold is used with greater freedom and a corresponding increase of brightness characterizes it, though the main tones are still dark. She holds the sun and moon and the infinite glories of the heavens. "And God said, 'Let there be light in the firmament of heaven, and divided the day from the night.'"

The Angel of the Fifth Day

The fifth, still brighter in effect, stands upon the wet sea-margin strewn with fragile shells, and supports the globe containing a swift whirl of white sea-birds sweeping up from the stormy waters. "And God said, 'Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.'"

The Angel of the Sixth Day

The sixth and last shows Adam and Eve new met in the Garden of Eden beside the forbidden tree behind which the great coils of the threatening serpent are faintly shadowed. At the feet of the angel of the sixth day sits the seventh, the angel of the Day of Rest, flower garlanded among roses, playing upon a many stringed instrument. "And God said, 'Let us make man in our own image and after our own likeness.' And He rested on the seventh day."



This last is a picture of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, by G. F. Watts, R.A. It shows in a certain measure, the deep spirituality and fine sensitivity of the man who gave us not only the marvelous "Angels of Creation" but that best of all modern pictures of the Adoration of the Magi, "The Star of Bethlehem."

call our own. We don't see pictures in famous galleries. But the other day, after a sleet storm that had coated the world with a sheathe of ice, I saw a pine grosbeak in a little poplar tree. The setting sun slanted through a gap in the black wall of the forest and held bird and tree in a celestial spot-light. Every twig turned to diamond-encrusted gold, and the red of the bird's breast glowed like a huge ruby as he fluffed his feathers in the wind. I could hardly believe it. I could only stand still and stare.

In the closing chapter of *We Took to the Woods* Mrs. Rich asks herself, "Is it worth-while to live like this?" The answer is:

> Yes. Here I am free. Here I have peace, and freedom and contentment. I know that many people—perhaps most people—couldn't feel that, living here, they held within their grasp all the best of life. So for them it wouldn't be best. For us, it is.

Not Without Hope

REPRISAL. By Ethel Vance. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1942. 334 pages. $2.50.

CHOKING, enervating terror hung over the village of Rusquec in German-occupied Brittany. The streets were deserted, and many shops displayed a sign which read CLOSED BECAUSE OF THE EVENTS. There were no children playing in the little park; only the old priest walked there today, reading his breviary and stopping now and again to look disconsolately at the Gothic patterns of bare trees against a white sky. By the bridge a solitary German soldier paced back and forth. Fear and suspense held the villagers in a queer, dreamlike lethargy. Weeping and hysteria had given way to an anguished silence. For they were helpless. They could only wait.

More than a day had gone by since a German sergeant had been found murdered at the side of a road. Twenty-four precious hours had passed since the *Kommandant* had arrested twenty men who were to be held as hostages until the murderer should be found and brought to justice. If the police should fail to apprehend the culprit within three days, the hostages would be shot. In their desperation relatives and friends of the prisoners turned to the man who for many years had been Rusquec's leading citizen. True, they no longer trusted André Galle; for he was a friend of *theirs* and he had helped make peace with *them.* Would *they* now listen to Monsieur le Ministre? André Galle had gone at once to the *Kommandantur.* An anxious crowd awaited the outcome of his interview. André was obviously pale and shaken when he emerged from the office of the *Kommandant.* The visit had not been a pleasant one. Nevertheless, he could report that all was not lost; for the German officer had promised not to act until André's former secretary, now a "big man" in the Vichy government, arrived in Rusquec. Monsieur le Ministre smiled reassuringly as he spoke. His smile vanished, however, when a woman on the edge of the crowd suddenly cried, "Traitor! Traitor!" The cry echoed and reechoed in André's ears during the day and night which followed. Was he a traitor? Had he betrayed his country?

André Galle had served France in

many ways over a long period of years. A veteran of the first World War, he had been a Socialist deputy, a senator, three times a minister, and many times a delegate to the League of Nations. André was an ardent pacifist; he thought of peace, not as the goal but as the foundation of all human progress. He was sure that France, underpopulated and economically unstable, would not be able to survive another war. Like many other Frenchmen, he realized that tremendous forces were on the march. Yet he remained silent, held in the curious apathy "which is one stage in the rejection of war." He stood by while "Socialism shrank to complete impotence," and he made no effort to stay the hands which fanned the flames under a devil's brew of hatred, fear, and oppression. Even when the evil concoction spilled over and enveloped Europe in scalding, searing agony, he advocated appeasement. "Peace is so fundamental, that each one justifies it in his own way." In the summer of 1940 Galle helped establish the government of Henri Pétain and accepted a post in the new ministry. Disillusionment came swiftly. Monsieur le Ministre realized—too late—that he had tolerated "the surrender of something no man has a right to surrender —something that men cannot surrender and live." He resigned his post in Vichy and returned to Rusquec. Now his friends and fellow-townspeople turned to him for help. What could he do?

This is the background for Ethel Vance's gripping new novel. The story is dramatic and compelling, and the characters are sharply and skilfully delineated. *Reprisal* is not just another account of Nazi brutality in an occupied territory. It is a searching and illuminating study of the human weaknesses which make such brutality possible. Treason is not always sudden or spectacular, and Quislings are not necessarily creatures of the moment. Too often it is the sum total of small and seemingly unrelated events which makes for the weal or the woe of the individual as well as of the nation.

It was not until the spring of 1942 that Grace Zaring Stone confessed that she was Ethel Vance, author of the sensational best seller, *Escape.* Mrs. Stone had not made use of a pseudonym merely for the sake of secrecy. It was done to protect her daughter, then living in Czechoslovakia, and to spare her husband, Captain Ellis Stone, at that time United States Naval Attaché in Paris, embarrassment and unwelcome publicity.

Democracy in Danger

THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS. By Alfred Noyes. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 1942. 172 pages. $2.00.

ALFRED NOYES, the widely known English poet, believes that the world is in grave danger of being swallowed up in the maw of totalitarianism. Everywhere, he contends, the freedom of the individual man and woman is being attacked and curtailed by those who adhere to the conviction that the life and the activities of the citizen must, in all instances, be made subordinate to the state. Therefore those nations which

exemplify democracy in their form of government must be constantly on the alert lest the advocates of totalitarianism gain the upper hand.

Proceeding from basic and unalterable truths, Mr. Noyes realizes and states that absolute dictatorship as it exists in some countries today does not, and cannot, have anything in common with Christianity.

Mein Kampf is the answer to anyone who thinks that Hitler is a genius—even though a wicked one. *Mein Kampf* is the revelation of a tenth-rate mind, confused, stunted, devoid of any capacity for high thought.

And it is because of such a deplorable lack of "any capacity for high thought" on the part of dictators and would-be dictators that

the movement of the political world during the last fifty years has been progressing towards the worst of all possible systems—a state so completely regimented and ruled that its members . . . . are lulled to sleep and become completely unconscious of a gigantic machine—robots content to forget the very nature of freedom.

The "best government is that which governs least." Therefore men and women everywhere who set store by the rights, the privileges, and the duties of the individual must do all in their power to counteract and nullify the evil designs of leaders who, after obtaining "control of the switchboard" by hook or by crook, "speak and think of their fellowmen in the mass as material for industry, or the munitions of war." Mr. Noyes asserts that those who are responsible for bringing the horrors of the present war upon the world must be punished in accordance with the vileness of their misdeeds. Why shoot a weary sentry for going to sleep at his post if, when peace has finally come, the loud-mouthed and bloodthirsty prophets and apostles of *Lebensraum* and absurd racial theories are permitted to end their days in comfort?

NAZIISM, bolshevism, and other outcroppings of the totalitarian way of government are a menace to democracy; they obliterate the distinction between right and wrong and deliberately reverse the eternal laws of God. Christianity, on the other hand, is "a Will superior to the collective will of man, and a law that overrules those of Solon." It alone, therefore, can bring about "the reconciliation between the just authority of the State and the freedom of the individual soul in an eternal Reality which is the origin and end of both." Mr. Noyes, by the way, holds to the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. He realizes that the complete subjugation of the religious body to which he adheres is, in the very nature of things, part and parcel of the program of Hitler's Naziism.

The enemies of the freedom of the individual have "no greater ally than the art and literature of the pseudo-intellectuals." Youth, in particular, is in mortal danger of having its sense of right and wrong thrown completely out of focus by those who garland the necks of the Muses with festoons of garbage. The jaded cynicism of the pseudo-intellectuals robs many young men and young women of "their birthright in Christendom." Confused and warped thinking, writing, and speaking on the part of high-

placed and widely acclaimed smart Alecks often causes impressionable minds to lose sight of all real and lasting values in art and in life.

Popular theories of evolution (I distinguish between the popular and the more philosophical theories, of course) are of the kind that would account for a Beethoven symphony by attributing it to the catgut in the violins and then tracing the pedigree of the cat. Every step of the process would be accurate, exquisitely accurate, as far as it goes; the only trouble is that it omits the most important factors in the problem: the musical values of the symphony itself; and, most essential of all, its creator, the composer.

Mr. Noyes concludes his thought-provoking book by saying:

It is only as members of this mystical Body, the *Civitas Dei,* that we can reintegrate the life of the world, or rediscover the unity, the hope and the true end of human life. Outside that City, as a great writer said recently, there is only the Night.

A Determined Foe

REPORT FROM TOKYO: A Message to the American People. By Joseph C. Grew. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1942. 88 pages. $1.00.

JOSEPH C. GREW, who served as United States Ambassador to Japan from 1932 to 1941, is in a singularly advantageous position to speak to us frankly about the hard struggle into which our nation was hurled on December 7, 1941, when the Land of the Rising Sun dispatched its fanatical airmen to bomb Pearl Harbor. He knows the Japanese, and he knows his countrymen. Nippon, he tells us, will not give up the fight until she has been completely crushed on land, on the sea, in the air, and on the home front. Our fighting men have learned how courageous and how resourceful the armed forces of Japan can be; but, unfortunately, many loyal citizens of the United States still persist in the belief that it will not be difficult to smash the minions of Emperor Hirohito into defeat.

It is necessary, says Mr. Grew, for us to discredit the Japanese military machine in the eyes of the Japanese people themselves. He is confident that we shall do so; but he is equally emphatic in stating that the "ruthless architects of aggression have carried out their plans with diabolical cleverness" and that their leaders, "counting on our underestimates, on our apparent disunity before—and even during—war, on our unwillingness to sacrifice, to endure, and to fight," are sure that "they can and will win." He declares:

I know Japan; I lived there for ten years. I know the Japanese intimately. The Japanese will not crack. They will not crack morally or psychologically or economically, even when eventual defeat stares them in the face. They will pull in their belts another notch, reduce their rations from a bowl to a half bowl of rice, and fight to the bitter end. Only by utter physical destruction or utter exhaustion of their men and materials can they be defeated. That is the difference between the Germans and the Japanese. That is what we are up against in fighting Japan.

Mr. Grew writes in detail about why Nippon determined to make war on the United States. Both the myth-

ology and the national vanity of the Japanese lead them to regard us as their inferiors in every respect. Since the chauvinists of Japan, like Hitler and his kind in the Third Reich, know that they cannot teach their people to die for economic reasons or for the sake of religion, they turned to racialism. They

> fight to make themselves superior in Asia, and then to make Asiatics supreme throughout the world; but they forget that the other peoples of Asia do not covet the doubtful glory of being Japan's creatures and are little concerned about the claims to or aspirations for racial superiority.

Nevertheless, Japan has grown mighty on "*dishonest* finance." Because of her swiftly won conquests she now has "all the raw materials needed by a great power," and, in addition, "she has at her command almost limitless labor supplies." As the self-constituted *Herrenvolk* in the Far East, the Japanese will fight to the last ditch for the greater glory of Japan. It will not be easy to defeat them.

Every citizen of the United States should read and ponder Mr. Grew's report.

Geoffrey Becomes Jeff

THOROFARE. By Christopher Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1942. 469 pages. $2.75.

As you and I walk along the highways and byways of life, we hear much about books and their authors. At times our ears drink in discussions and verdicts that reveal a keen sense of abiding values; at times we are inclined to throw up our hands in horror. Even though John Q. Public often proves to the satisfaction of the most cynical that he knows a good book when he reads it, some of his brothers and sisters, more or less enlightened, still cling stubbornly to the notion that best sellers are, on the whole and of necessity, either trash or near-trash. The fact that certain individuals among John Q.'s kith and kin frequently hit the nail squarely on the head in their condemnation of books that "sell like hot cakes" leads many to be immediately, inordinately, and consistently suspicious of all widespread popularity. They declare in season and out of season that one must subject reading-matter to the thorough and scientifically correct mastication of the tooth of time before venturing clear-cut pronouncements as to its worth; but they forget all too often that it is unnecessary, unwise, unjust, and even cruel to let our weather-beaten old friend, the tooth of time, do all the work.

Christopher Morley himself says that *Thorofare* "was written slowly and should be read the same way." Consequently, John Q. and some of his sisters and brothers would, so it seems at first blush, have every right to conclude, "We're not interested in a book of that kind. We want something stirring and exciting. Slow reading is what we call stale reading." But if any of dear old John's blood-relatives gave vent to such remarks when *Thorofare* appeared upon the literary scene a short time ago, they were disporting themselves in the shoddy luxury of slapdash thinking and topsy-turvy reasoning. Mr. Morley's book at once gave the lie to their

conclusions. It leaped into popularity on the wings of a rushing, mighty wind. Why? Did Mr. Morley's name and renown have anything to do with the swift and far-flung acclaim of the novel? Without a doubt. Did John Q. Public and all his next of kin take for granted that *Thorofare* would be similar to *Kitty Foyle,* another recent best seller from the pen of Mr. Morley? Maybe. But if they concluded on the basis of hearsay and, shall we say, wishful thinking that *Thorofare* would be a second *Kitty Foyle* in the matter of content, they were wrong.

Thorofare, like *Kitty Foyle,* revels in word-magic and in smoothness of style. It shows rare ability to create and maintain atmosphere; it gives proof in abundance of the author's deftness in portraying characters that are down-to-earth, flesh-and-blood human beings. But, just as Mr. Morley knows how to distinguish one character from another character with clearness of vision and with sensitive strokes of his brush, so he has been able to make *Thorofare* sharply different from *Kitty Foyle.*

How will a little boy eight years of age react to the startling changes in environment and atmosphere when he comes from a quiet town in England to a large city in the United States? Mr. Morley had seen and observed many of the English children who, since the outbreak of the present war, have found refuge in our land from the horrors of Germany's *Luftwaffe.* He could have written a fascinating novel about one or the other of these youngsters; but he preferred to transfer his question to an earlier period of history.

In the late 1890's Geoffrey Barton set sail for the United States aboard the ten-day liner "Westernland." He had spent his eight years in Wilford, a small British town noted alike for the even tenor of its ways and for the fact that it was the birthplace of Edward Fitzgerald, author of the English version of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Geoffrey was the charge of his Uncle Dan, who had come to America years before to dole out the ins, the outs, the ifs, and the buts of English literature to young ladies at Patapsco College, in the large and rapidly growing city of Chesapeake. Aunt Bee accompanied her brother and her nephew. Thorofare was the name of the main street of the town in which the boy had learned all he knew about the big world into which he had been born.

At the beginning of the novel Mr. Morley gives us a close-up view of Wilford, its Thorofare, its ways, its people. Then we board the "Westernland" in company with Geoffrey, Uncle Dan, and Aunt Bee. The crossing is stormy and foggy; but among the passengers and the crew we meet human beings whose characters and personalities are etched with unforgettable sharpness. Geoffrey, of course, is the center of the narrative. He is constantly asking questions. He is learning. In Chesapeake he grows to young manhood. Some of his fellow-youngsters, who still loathe the Redcoats of the Revolutionary War, taunt him for his English birth; others welcome him. Gradually Geoffrey absorbs many of the ways of the new world to which he has come. He goes to

school, becomes a member of a crowd of boys which has its ups and downs with other crowds, takes a mild interest in the Quaker religion to which his Aunt Bee remains faithful, and always keeps his ears to the ground. Quickly and surely he falls "into the characteristic bravura of his adopted country" without divesting himself of an inborn attachment to his native land. The years are full of fun and knowledge. Geoffrey becomes Jeff. Now and then he visits old Major Warren and his family, who live in the adjoining countryside. Here, too, he expands his acquaintance with the country to which he has decided to swear allegiance. The Major is a thoroughly human old soul who quotes from Virgil with delicious incongruity and knows much about the foibles and the virtues of his fellowmen. Eventually Jeff becomes an American citizen; and, shortly after this momentous event in his life, he sets sail as a hired hand on a cattle boat to revisit the Thorofare in Wilford. Then, unfortunately, Mr. Morley's novel comes to an end. It is a book abounding in humor, wisdom, knowledge, and beauty—and, thank goodness, it is a best seller.

Johns Hopkins

THE MAN MISS SUSIE LOVED. By Augusta Tucker. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 509 pages. $2.75.

THE author of *Miss Susie Slagle's* has written more about the heroine of her former book, relating the events which led Miss Susie to run a rooming house for the medical students at Johns Hopkins University. Miss Tucker has surmounted the difficulties of the writer of the historical novel successfully and produced a beautiful, simple book worth anyone's while.

This novel is a concrete illustration of what Whittier meant when he said that there were no sadder words than "It might have been!" Miss Susie, the daughter of an employee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the end of the Civil War, lives in Baltimore in moderate but comfortable circumstances. While the tyrant Mamma is visiting her fashionable cousins in Norfolk, Mr. Slagle undertakes to entertain an "old soldier" friend of his brother, with sixteen-year-old Miss Susie presiding. The old soldier, young Major Christopher Beverly, is entranced with Susie, and she with him, leading to a correspondence when he leaves for Europe shortly. Because of Mamma's ability to spoil things—she is a conglomeration of selfishness, meanness, and pride—the friendship is carefully kept from her ears and the letters from her eyes.

After a year's work in Europe under George Peabody and an investigation of Listerian surgery (based on the theory that antiseptics must be used to avoid hospital infections) for Johns Hopkins, who wants to build a hospital, Major Beverly returns to Baltimore with Mr. Peabody; and, after greeting Susie, he goes straightway to meet Mr. Hopkins. En route a flood throws the city into chaos; and, while rescuing the terrified occupants of a horsecar, Major Beverly is caught between two stone slabs which mangle his leg. He

is dragged out of the flood to an old building, where the best doctor in Baltimore amputates the leg. After what seemed to be a recovery gangrene sets in, and the Major dies. The irony of his fate is overwhelming.

> To go unscathed through a war where the casualties were enormous, to cross and recross the ocean, travel all over Europe and then to return to Baltimore to die in a horsecar accident! And to die, when he was in possession of papers describing a method of treatment which, if it had been applied, might have saved his life!

Susie is overcome and withdraws to her room until the time when her mother (on another trip to Norfolk) returns, when she must act as if nothing had happened.

Susie learns to live silently for others as the years stretch on. Having become a close friend of Johns Hopkins, she lives for the hospital which he intends to build, in which antiseptics are to be used at all times. The thought which sustains her is that, although Christ had to die, this hospital with its devotion to cleanliness and Listerian principles, would prevent millions of similar deaths. So Miss Susie exists for the day of the opening of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, often postponed, and comforts the maligned Mr. Hopkins when he needs comfort.

When Mrs. Slagle becomes an invalid after some sort of apoplectic seizure, Susie waits on her faithfully. But with nothing else to do, Mrs. Slagle buys and buys new furnishings, depleting the bank account so that her death and its expenses, followed by Mr. Slagle's death, leave only $600 as a life subsistence for a young untrained lady.

Aided by the faithful servant, Hizer, the Slagle home is turned into a rooming house for hand-picked young medical students, and Miss Susie has her feet financially on the ground.

Miss Tucker has done much research for her novel; and, in addition to writing a fine story with an excellent theme, she has compiled some interesting facts. The beginnings of Peabody Institute, Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, and the *Baltimore Sun* are woven into the background of the plot, with documentary evidence and historical records of the progress made by these institutions.

It would be interesting to know exactly what the present residents of Baltimore and their ancestors think, and have thought, of Mr. Hopkins. If we can believe Miss Tucker, he was hated as a usurious Quaker, though unjustly so, in spite of his philanthropic gestures toward the city which disliked him so intensely. The author puts the following words into Mr. Hopkins' mouth:

> The fastest way to get things done in Baltimore is to move slowly. If you try to get people to do things here suddenly, they grow suspicious of you and then you can't do anything but have them work at cross-purposes with you.

The evolution of hospitals from "first cousins to graveyards" to life-giving institutions is traced, and we are given to understand that American hospitals have attained their present high standing largely because

Johns Hopkins investigated Listerian surgery and built a hospital.

Anyone interested in hospitals, Baltimore, or Johns Hopkins, would enjoy reading this novel.

JANET STEBEN.

Two Autobiographies

I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By John A. Rice. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 341 pages. $3.00.

MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS. By Julian Green. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 320 pages. $3.00.

HERE are two unusually fascinating autobiographies. John A. Rice and Julian Green were co-winners of the Harper 125th Anniversary Award. Harry Scherman, president of the Book-of-the-Month Club; J. Donald Adams, editor of the *New York Times Book Review;* and the editors of Harper & Brothers made the selections from the 750 manuscripts which were submitted. The judges declare that

> it was not easy to choose among them; but all the judges, in contemplation, found that they had been most impressed by two books, for quite different reasons; and the generosity of the Harper Award made it seem both fair and sensible to divide the prize equally between them.

Incidentally, the amount of money involved was $12,500.

For reasons unfathomable to this reviewer *Memories of Happy Days* seems to have won for itself a wider acclaim throughout our land than *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century.* Surely, the quality of Mr. Green's writing cannot have influenced the reading public to bestow a greater share of its blessing upon his book than upon Mr. Rice's! Mr. Green, you know, is an American-born novelist who spent the most of his life in Paris. At present he is living in the United States. His novels have been translated into several languages; but they were written in French. English does not flow as smoothly from his pen as the tongue which he learned to use with commendable skill during his long residence in Paris. Mr. Green's English is neither stilted nor awkward; yet it lacks the tang of freshness and raciness which characterizes the style of Mr. Rice. The contrast is startling.

There are other differences. Besides revealing a keen sensitiveness in the writing of deftly chiseled sentences, Mr. Rice impregnates his autobiography with a much more subtle sense of humor than one finds in *Memories of Happy Days.* Both men are individualists to the core; but Rice's individualism hammers its way into one's consciousness in a somewhat obtrusive manner, while Green's is less emphatic in making itself known. Maybe the average reader boggles at the rebellious spirit which comes to the fore with marked persistency in Rice's work. On the other hand, it is by no means rash to suspect that *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century* may, in the end, earn for itself a warmer and more lasting welcome than *Memories of Happy Days.* At any rate, your reviewer looks upon Rice's book as a work of art; he regards Green's story as just another uncommonly fascinating concatena-

tion of autobiographical this and that.

I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century has both the beguiling scent and the unpleasant smell of the South which, as we read on the jacket of the book, "smashed in the Civil War, was trying to resuscitate itself by reaching backward in time for its standards." Let us look at a sample of the writing of the preacher's son who grew up in South Carolina, became a Rhodes scholar, and later on won much respect and no small amount of notoriety in the field of teaching. Referring to the dispenser of knowledge who held forth in the little country school which he attended, Rice says:

> The teacher was a country boy, himself just out of school, as touchy as a rattlesnake in spring, and scared. He had no imagination, his ignorance was profound, he needed the money to go to college . . . . these were his qualifications. He was, in fact, the average teacher of his day. It would not have occurred to anyone that he could be made into a teacher, for Education, the sow's-ear science, was only in its beginnings. Normal schools, where they teach how to teach, were still foetal, and that other medieval institution, the graduate school of Education, where they teach how to teach how to teach, was yet to be sired by ambition out of ignorance.

Mediocre Stuff

CRESCENT CARNIVAL. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner, New York. 1942. 807 pages. $3.00.

A LAVISH background of Mardi Gras, family tradition, and grille-iron balconies persists throughout the story of the Lenoirs, the Breckinridges, and the Fontaines. After a glimpse at the 1941 carnival, with the oldest and youngest queens of the Pacifici, Estelle Lenoir Fontaine and her granddaughter Stella, the story goes back to the girlhood of Estelle. An attractive, shy girl, she loses her heart to Andrew Breckinridge, dashing young "American" widower, contrary to her parents' wishes. With the constant pressure of her family ever present, and with the greatest honor New Orleans offers bestowed upon her, she refuses to marry Andy, reluctantly becoming the wife of Marcel Fontaine, to whom she had been betrothed by her parents. Out of spite Andy marries Marcel's sister. However, Andy and Estelle lead their respective lives blamelessly, until Andy and his family, with the exception of the son by the former marriage, drown en route to Paris.

All her life Estelle remains in love with Andy's memory, with Andy lost to her and her husband dead. There are always Andrew Breckinridge II and III to reproach her and to furnish reminders of what life might have been. When, after an unhappy marriage, Breck (Andrew II) wishes to marry her daughter Marie Celeste, she refuses. Breck is drowned in a flood when he thinks his son Drew to be in danger at Splendida, the family plantation. Estelle is left with another bitter memory when Marie Celeste enters a nunnery.

Estelle's son Oliver, an indolent Creole who, Breck said, "looks as if he changes his underwear once a week," marries in an attempt to avoid

fighting in World War I but dies ingloriously in camp of influenza. His daughter Stella, abandoned by her mother, is left to Estelle's care. When, instead of falling in love with Drew Breckinridge, as Estelle wishes, young Stella chooses a Cajun lawyer with political ambitions, Estelle Lenoir Fontaine once more causes persons in love unhappiness by constantly postponing the marriage, with the result that Stella herself finally cancels it.

Drew has meanwhile gained a wild name. When, tiring of a rather unpleasant affair with a married woman, he dances with young Patty Forrestal, he falls in love with her and she with him. After their misunderstanding and separation Estelle atones for the unhappiness of three generations of unhappy lovers by uniting Patty and Drew. Then, her work done, she dies.

In addition to telling of the three Andrews, this book is the story of three women: Estelle, her daughter, and her granddaughter, the first and last of whom were carnival queens. The changing *mores* are skillfully interpreted in the plot. In Estelle's girlhood New Orleans was largely French, to whose population Paris was the capital and seat of splendor. There one spoke French, was a good Roman Catholic, and, if a young lady, appeared in public under proper chaperonage. Outsiders were "the Americans," generally considered disreputable foreign elements. The death of a husband meant that the bereaved wife appeared in public not at all, remaining in mourning for the rest of her life.

Marie Celeste, however, explained to Breck's wife that she had been brought up leniently. She went hatless, unchaperoned, and was permitted to voice her opinions. French was spoken when the children and the company were meant to be kept in the dark.

Stella, in 1935, was clad in shorts and sneakers, smoked cigarettes, and burned up the road in her automobile. After the effrontery of striking up an acquaintance with a strange young man she promptly fell in love with him and spoke her mind when Granny interfered. Her friends were no longer the French and the Americans, except, perhaps, in the minds of their grandparents.

THE tradition of carnival is represented as an integral part of all New Orleanians, and it is also a device which binds the sequences of the story together, despite intervals of twenty years. Carnival has always been the event of the year, and it took a war to stop the one of 1942. In spite of large gaps in time, the transitions are amazingly smooth. The outline of the plot is good, and the story is intensely readable. There is a certain amount of objectionable material, and there is unnecessary stress upon it; but this, we believe, is forgotten by the time the reader has finished the novel.

Mrs. Keyes presents many problems which she does not attempt to solve. Among them are the bad practices of the lottery, which, however, helped to preserve the economic structure of the state of Louisiana and supported many persons; the moral problem of common-law but faithful marriages; the benefits and

disadvantages of living life according to the *carpe diem* philosophy; and the problem of mixed marriages.

With a good plot, but much to be desired in both writing and general moral tone, the novel is one by which the reader will neither profit nor lose much in reading.

JANET STEBEN.

The Hour Will Come

HOW TO WIN THE PEACE. By C. J. Hambro. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York. 1942. 384 pages. $3.00.

THIS is not just another book about the peace that will follow the present global conflict. In our opinion, it is one of the sanest presentations of the problem that has come to our attention. The author is President of the League of Nations and, until the Nazis overran his native land, he was also President of the Norwegian Parliament. We believe him to be a wise and fair-minded statesman who has few superiors in the world today. Mr. Hambro does not think that the end of hostilities will usher in the millennium. In other words, he has his feet solidly on the ground. He knows that the postwar era will lay a terrific burden of responsibility on the nations of the world and that, unless the nations are organized to face the issues and to meet the responsibilities, there can be no hope of a durable peace. Consequently, Mr. Hambro's conclusion is that there must be a world-organization of nations "strong enough not only to impose sanctions, but to prevent an outbreak of war." Like several others who have spoken and written on the same subject, he holds that a period of transition covering perhaps years must follow the cessation of hostilities before a proper peace treaty can be adopted. During this time it will be necessary to police a large part of the world in order to stabilize it.

Mr. Hambro does not believe that the Atlantic Charter is sufficiently air-tight nor that it can be universally binding. It is merely a pronouncement of idealistic aims. Nor does he look with equanimity upon the threat of Anglo-American domination, and he views with alarm the hints dropped by certain writers that small European countries must be absorbed by larger nations. He takes issue with the Hoover-Gibson adoption of Teutonic myth, with its suggestion that after the war Germany is to be given a slap on the wrist, and maintains that those who are responsible for all the horror and brutality of this war be punished upon the basis of common morality. Essential to the survival of mankind is the acceptance of common honesty, common decency, common morality, and common honor.

The author shows conclusively that the Nazi mind behind the Nazi war of conquest is the result of the philosophy of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Nietzsche, the great instructors of the German nation. It is of peculiar interest to note how clearly the dangers to come were forecast more than a century ago by Heinrich Heine, the great poet and writer whose name today is taboo in Germany because he was not of purely "Aryan" race.

In 1834 Heine wrote a series of articles called *Germany After Luther* in which he predicted the result of the German philosophical teachings in the following startling words:

The revolution will come, and it will be no milk and water affair. The various schools of German philosophy will have seen to that—the followers of Kant, the followers of Fichte and the "Nature philosophers." . . . . These doctrines have developed revolutionary forces which only await the day to break forth and fill the world with terror and astonishment. The followers of Kant with their lack of reverence for everything, the followers of Fichte with their fanaticism of the will are bound to make a thorough job of it. . . .

Christianity—and this is its fairest merit—subdued to a certain extent the brutal warrior ardor of the Germans, but it could not entirely quench it; and when the Cross, that restraining talisman, falls to pieces, there will break forth again the ferocity of the old combatants, the frantic Berserker rage of which Northern poets have said and sung. The talisman has become rotten, and the day will come when it will pitifully crumble to dust. The old stone gods will then arise from the forgotten ruins and wipe from their eyes the dust of centuries, and Thor with his giant hammer will arise again, and he will crush the Gothic cathedrals. . . . When ye hear the trampling of feet and the clashing of arms, ye neighbors' children, be on your guard . . . it might fare ill with you. . . . Smile not at the fantasy of one who foresees in the region of reality the same outburst of revolution that has taken place in the region of the intellect. The thought precedes the deed as the lightning with thunder. German thunder is of a true German character; it is not very nimble, but rumbles along somewhat slowly. But come it will; and when ye hear a crushing such as never before has been heard in the history of the world, then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. At this commotion the eagles will drop dead from the skies and the lions in the farthest wastes of Africa will bite their tails and creep into their royal lairs. There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyll. At present everything is quiet; and though here and there some few men create a little stir, do not imagine these are to be the real actors in the piece. They are only the little curs chasing one another round the arena . . . till the appointed hour when the troop of gladiators appear to fight for life and death. And *the hour will come.*

Background Stuff

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. By W. M. Kiplinger. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1942. 522 pages. $3.50.

KIPLINGER is the publisher and editor of a well-known news service, the *Kiplinger Washington Letter,* "circulated privately to business men." We see the letter occasionally and agree with those who consider it a keen analysis of conditions in the political and business world, with rather accurate prognostications. *Washington Is Like That* will have an entree to all those who have gained such favorable impressions from the ability displayed in the *Washington Letter* of seeing things in their true colors and right side up. The first impression of this reviewer was not so good since, turning the leaves casually, he found this nugget:

In the lobby of the Mayflower two

men were sitting talking, and a couple of women approached. Said one man to the other, "Say, look at that homely woman." Said the other, "Why, that's my wife." Said the first man, "Oh, no, I didn't mean that young woman. I meant that ugly old woman with her." Said the other man, "That's my mother."

The story is attributed to Admiral Jerry Land, of the Maritime Commission. It might have well been told of some Admiral of the time of Queen Elizabeth or of the Queen of Sheba. In fact, it is one of the oldest jests of which we have any historical record. But this is the worst that Kiplinger has done in his 500 pages. Most of it is rattling good narrative and description, and some chapters are done superlatively well.

In the last pages of the book Mr. Kiplinger tells "how this book was written." While the book is his own product, "the job could not have been done except for the prodigious amount of digging by my excellent corps of co-workers." Among these he first of all lists his son, Austin H., whom he calls "a good reporter, a good editor, a good workman." He is on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Then he had the assistance of thirty-one men and nine women, some from the staff of the Kiplinger agency, others journalists.

MR. Kiplinger's book is simply reportorial, and we shall say for it that it does not seek to sell any particular point of view. There is no pretense of being complete in all details on all subjects. The book deals with the basic phases of Washington in the transition from war to peace.

Naturally, the White House in its physical aspects, and the President, his daily habits and his methods of work, receive first consideration; and we are immediately led into the thick of the war machinery and receive introductions to the big men in charge of production and management. Separate chapters are given to the Army and to the Navy, and there is a luminous chapter on the work of the Department of State and the personality of Secretary Hull. The book grazes the edge of censorship in its discussion of propaganda. There is a fine analysis of officialdom and one not uncomplimentary to the group as a whole. We find sections devoted to the themes: Officials are a hard-working lot—Officials are underpaid—Officials who are not "politicians" usually make poor officials—Most businessmen do not make good officials at first, although they soon learn —The "professors" in government are both good and bad—Officials who set their eyes on publicity are half-sunk before they start. Towards the end of the book we find a list of the fifty-five Big Men who are running the government today. It is pointed out that the average age of these is fifty-two, and there are twelve above sixty. Forty-nine have had work in college, of these, thirteen being alumni of Harvard. Knudsen and Frankfurter are among the naturalized citizens. Regarding each of these fifty-five political leaders we find a brief biography and a great deal of such intimate description as this concerning Mr. Ickes, "Diligent administrator, but fusses with details; distrustful of other men. Pungent,

earthy, witty phrase-maker. Thick-set, round-faced." Or, concerning Mr. Knudsen, "Soft Danish accent; simple words, syntax of his own. Plays piano, accordion, xylophone. Huge physique, cropped mustache, twinkling blue eyes."

Simply as a guide to one who wants to see Washington and has only three days *Washington Is Like That* is worth the price. There is the Log of a Day which tells you what is going on in town from 5:00 A. M. until 4:00 A. M., with such intimate touches as "10 A. M.: Steve Vasilakos, the peanut man, wheels his cart into position near the northeast corner of the White House grounds." "4 P. M.: Washington Monument closes to tourists." "11 P. M.: President Roosevelt clears up last of home work, gets ready to spend an hour in reading or arranging stamp collection before going to sleep." (He wakes at 8:00 A. M.).

OWING to the reports which have come to him from business men who have had dealings in Washington, this reviewer read chapter thirty-four, headed "Jews in Government," with special interest. Mr. Kiplinger recognizes that in the popular mind there is such an issue as "The Jews in our Government." He reminds us first of all that only about 3 per cent of the population is Jewish, "far less than the proportion in most other big eastern cities. New York, for example, has 28 per cent of Jews." Next he deposes that it is easy for agitators to claim that excessive proportions of government workers are Jews, because the government keeps no record of the religious or racial connections of its employees. While this is true, Mr. Kiplinger admits a disproportionate number of Jews in influential positions. It would appear that of the total weight of influence within government, Jews have more than 4 per cent. This may be interpreted as either a crack at the Jews, or as praise for them and their ability. It is meant as neither. It is meant as merely a factual observation. But this is not all. It is also true that there is a concentration of Jews in key positions. "Jews have become concentrated in a few government agencies where they are disproportionate, and where they are conspicuous for their numbers, and where they have close and intimate contact with the public." Examples of such agencies are: the Securities and Exchange Commission; the Department of Labor, especially the Wage and Hour Division; the National Labor Relations Board; the Social Security Board; and some offices of the Department of Justice. Of these Jews in our government, Mr. Kiplinger says that they are known as hard workers, zealous for their jobs and particular causes. "They are inclined to be intense, passionate and aggressive in their work."

There are other chapters of special interest to the casual visitor—those entitled "Tourists See the Sights," "The City Civic," "G-Men, T-Men, Sleuths," and "Society Swirl."

Some of the sources for intimate information have been tapped for the chapters dealing with the "Supreme Court," "How to Lobby," and "Post-War Plans." There is a valu-

able list of the various government agencies. You can look up any department, bureau, commission, board, or other agency, and get a condensed line on what it does—in a nutshell. If you are confused about the agencies which are known as "alphabeticals," this list will be helpful, and the reader is thankful for the interpretation of the abbreviations commonly used for the "alphabeticals." Finally, there is a list such as the reader may have often wished he might possess, of the government pamphlets which may be obtained at cost from the various departments, a list extending over seven pages. A fairly good index completes the book —a book which definitely had to be written. No man more competent than W. M. Kiplinger could have been found for the job.

War of the Spirit

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE. Edited by Ladislas Farago. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 302 pages. $3.00.

THE Committee for National Morale, a voluntary organization whose president is Major George Fielding Eliot, has had this volume prepared in order to acquaint Americans with the comprehensive and skilful use which the Germans have made of psychology in preparing for this war and in waging it. The material, presented in the form of ninety-seven questions and answers, is drawn entirely from German sources. A bibliography lists and discusses 561 German books and articles on the various phases of the subject.

The Germans turned their attention to the psychological aspects of war long before Hitler rose to power. Many of them came to realize that psychological factors had in greater or less degree, contributed to their defeat in the first World War. Determined not to repeat their mistakes but to make the most of psychology for their own ends, they engaged in ever widening studies of the many problems involved and tested their theories as opportunity offered. Eventually they developed psychology as an instrument of domestic and foreign politics, in addition to its specifically military use.

The rearmament of Germany after the last war took place first of all on the psychological front, then, in succession, on the political, the economic, and the military fronts. Today the German High Command uses *defensive* psychology to select the best man for any given place, to bolster the morale of the whole German "nation in arms," to habituate the soldiers to the hazards, shocks, and strains of technical warfare, to cushion the impact of combat and increase the efficiency of the military forces in every way, to regulate relations between officers and men—in short, to attempt a solution of all the complex problems of human behavior raised by war. Many such factors as homesickness, suicidal tendencies, superstition, fear, and panic have been carefully studied and taken into account.

Offensive psychology is used to break down the morale of Germany's enemies both on the military and the home fronts, to win over public opin-

ion in neutral lands, or to pave the invader's way in unprepared countries by disintegrating the political, social, and intellectual structure of nations singled out for attack.

A reading of *German Psychological Warfare* gives ample evidence that "Germany has mobilized and employed the resources of scientific and popular psychology with an unprecedented audacity and thoroughness" and that it is the part of wisdom to admit to ourselves that we shall "have to work hard in an intelligently planned effort if we are to come up to and even overtake them." If this book leads us to intelligently planned efforts in the psychological field in place of the haphazard methods that have too often been applied (e.g., in propaganda), it may well turn out to have made an important contribution to the winning of the war.

Sorcerer's Apprentices

THE SELF-BETRAYED: Glory and Doom of the German Generals. By Curt Riess. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1942. 402 pages. $3.00.

DURING the last three and a half years we have become familiar with the names of German generals: von Brauchitsch, von Reichenau, von Bock, von Leeb, von Rundstedt, and others. We heard of them operating in Poland, in Norway, in Holland, in Belgium, in France, in the Balkans, in Russia. But beyond their names and their military feats we read very little about them. It is so that they would have wished to have it. They preferred to remain as much as possible in the shadows. That, as Curt Riess points out, was a part of their code.

The German generals have not been—like, for instance, the American generals—men drawn from here and there among the people, trained, and given a chance to rise according to merit. No, they have been an exclusive military caste for over a hundred and fifty years. They came from a group of two or three hundred families in *Ostelbien*—the part of Prussia that lies east of the Elbe. Those families are of the nobility and own large estates. In every generation they provided officers who rose to leadership in the German army and continued traditions that went back to the time of Frederick the Great. That these officers knew their business of making war nobody denies. They gave themselves wholly to that business and had no other interests, not even in politics. To prepare for war and to wage it—nothing else mattered.

When Germany lost the last war, these men did not feel that their military careers were at an end. Wars had been lost before and had been retrieved by later wars. The task was now to save from the wreckage what could be saved and to begin to plan for the future. Ways were found to evade the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Article 160 of that treaty read: "The Greater German General Staff and all similar organizations shall be dissolved and may not be reconstituted in any form." But the General Staff continued under another name and drew up new military plans, so that Germany might one day recover what it had lost.

If Germany, however, was to regain its power, a political leader was necessary, and the generals, as already pointed out, were not politicians. Political leadership must come from elsewhere. It came from Hitler. Without the generals Hitler could not have risen to power, but they accepted him. Hardly any of them were Nazis; hardly any of them could bear the "Bohemian Corporal," as they called him. But they thought that he would serve their purpose and that, if necessary, they could overthrow him. In both these assumptions they were badly mistaken. How the generals, by supporting Hitler, doomed themselves and their caste is the story that is told in fascinating detail.

THE generals thought that Hitler would attend to political matters and leave military affairs in their hands and in the hands of the General Staff. They especially did not want the Nazi Party to have any influence in the army. In that way their clique would retain the power and prestige that had been theirs so long. But Hitler thought otherwise. A dictator cannot afford to share power with anyone else. So Hitler assumed more and more military authority, and the generals had to yield step by step. They did not want any long war because they felt that Germany was not ready for it. They especially dreaded a war with Russia. But Hitler led them into it. He even set up his own headquarters, and it did them no good to question indignantly, *"Warum turnt er hier an der Front herum?"* ("Why is he dancing around here at the front?")

Of the generals who stood out against Hitler, some have died under peculiar circumstances, others have retired, and still others have been pushed aside. Meanwhile, the caste spirit that held them together so long has been undermined, and they are at odds among themselves. Many younger officers who are not from *Ostelbien* are rising and reaching out for the places once held only by the élite. The German generals have betrayed themselves by supporting Hitler, and, whatever the course of events may be, their doom and that of their caste is sealed. They have played the role of the sorcerer's apprentice and have found that they cannot lay the evil spirit which they themselves evoked.

Mother and Son

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON, ROLAND HAYES. By MacKinley Helm. Published by Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 1942. 289 pages. $2.75.

THERE is much in this book to make the reading of it a pure delight and a valuable experience. It is beautifully written. It tells the story of the heroic struggle for mastery in his art and for recognition by one of the great artists of our time. It discloses the glories which can come from a relationship as noble and as fine as that which existed between the mother who was a washer-woman and her son, Roland, who became the famous singer. It is the biography of Roland Hayes, the negro artist. In a very large sense, it is also the life story of Angel Mo', his

mother. The one could not be written without including the other. In this fact lies one of the enduring beauties of their story.

The book is written in the form of an autobiography for a reason which the author, MacKinley Helm, gives in the preface: "There was one point, however, at which I was unable to make my subject's music yield, in translation, to the requirements of traditional biography. I could not make it come out in the third person." We have gained much by this inability and by his consequent decision to tell the story in the first person. Even if the author had now "to be content with habitual understatement of my own feeling for the greatness of his spirit and his art," it nevertheless made it possible for him to reflect more clearly the character of Roland Hayes.

The theme of the story in general is happily not new. To rise from the lowliest beginning to the height of fame in the field of politics or the professions is not novel in American biography. Nor is the part which a loving and thoroughly unselfish mother has had in the success of such a career an unknown or unrecognized part. From the log cabin of two rooms at the foot of Horn's Mountain, near Curryville, Georgia, which his father had built and where Roland Hayes was born, until the day years later when he returned to Georgia to purchase the farm where his mother was born and to call it Angel Mo' in memory of her, Roland Hayes faced and conquered the difficulties and hardships which are inevitable for the struggling artist before recognition is won. At the age of 14 he found employment in Chattanooga at a foundry at eighty cents a day while his mother took in washing in order to support the fatherless family of four. It was here that he came under the influence of a negro evangelist and was baptized in the Tennessee River, "Ma said, when we went home together, 'Now, son, you must come out from amongst them.' My first act of renunciation was to give up buck-and-wing dancing, in which I had only lately become proficient. My legs still hold the memory of the steps of the buck and wing and I dare say that even now I could execute them accurately, Still, except for that boyish surrender, my need for music might never have become a mission. If I couldn't make music with my feet, I had to learn to let it come out of my mouth like a Christian."

In Chattanooga he was a member of the Silver-Toned Quartet of boys who sang at the curbstone, the railway station, and in summertime along the avenues where the rich people lived for whatever nickels, dimes and quarters they could catch in their caps. He also joined the choir of the Monumental Baptist Church. An accident while working in a foundry in Chattanooga on the day following his baptism directed his life into a new channel. He returned to school in the fifth grade and through the interest of his teacher, Mrs. Cora Phillips, he was given an opportunity to sing before her brother, Prof. Calhoun, who had studied at Oberlin. "He offered to coach me, and presently I became

his pupil. Another miracle had come to pass!" While under the guidance of Prof. Calhoun, Roland Hayes determined to become an artist, but there was still a long and stony road ahead.

On this road he encountered not only the disappointments and obstacles which are common to those who in his circumstances live the hard life of the aspiring artist. He also had the handicap of racial prejudice to overcome. To what extent he succeeded in conquering this handicap which continually threatened to thwart his determination "to belong to that small group of Negroes who were showing our race the way towards the only real freedom, the freedom to produce and create," is the inevitable theme of the book because it is so largely the moving story of the life of Roland Hayes. Among the most dramatic incidents of the book are those which describe the crumbling of many bulwarks of prejudice before the sheer power of his artistry. There is, for example, the story of his initial concert in Berlin in 1924 which a writer of the Berlin press endeavored to prevent as a "threatened calamity"—"the concert of an American negro who had come to Berlin to defile the names of German poets and composers." The winning over of this audience which greeted his entrance upon the stage with "a great volley of hisses, which seemed to me to fill the hall entirely," indicates something of the greatness of the man and of the artist.

In meeting the rebuffs along the way which he had resolved to go he found unfailing support in the faith and courage of his mother. "I leaned upon her strength." Probably nothing more touchingly reveals the tower of strength which Angel Mo' was than the final paragraph of the last letter which shortly before her death she wrote to Roland in Europe when he had already advanced far on the way to fame. For the power and eloquence of its simple Christian faith and of a mother's tender and unselfish concern it is matchless. "Well, Roland, stay in the bounds of reason. Do not let the folks cheer you to death. Watch yourself. I don't think you have as much flesh on you as you had when you let the Lord do for you. Watch how you use the fisical man. Don't worry about me. I'm alright. I have the whole Church around me." We should not like to have missed the beauty of this passage and of the many others which make *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes* a distinguished story of lasting appeal. It is superfluous to add that through this book Roland Hayes has made another great contribution to the breaking down of the barriers of racial prejudice. "As my Angel Mother used to say, some of us are Christian folks and some are vagabonds, but all of us are people." To know that this is true of our race as well as of the negro and to apply it in our relationships is one of the first steps which we must take together in our approach to the race problem. *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes,* will help us to take this step more firmly.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

YOUNG WOMAN OF EUROPE

By Ruth Feiner. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York. 1942. 354 pages. $2.50.

BITTERNESS, indignation, and frustration have gone into the writing of *Young Woman of Europe.* Bitterness, because the riches of the earth have been destroyed by guns, planes, and poison gas; indignation, because the "so-called decent-minded world" permitted shameful indignities to be perpetrated upon helpless minorities; frustration, which grew out of the tragic fact that in the years following 1918 there existed in Germany

a generation of underfed gnomes with young bodies and ancient minds, with tragedy, death, deprivations, hatred and tears as their invisible companions. These were the sad cocoons from which later on emerged one of the most harassed bodies of human history: the young women of Europe.

Although Ruth Feiner expressly states that the story of Renate Feldt, the principal character in *Young Woman of Europe,* is not autobiographical, her own suffering as a refugee and as an exile has charged her book with vivid realism and poignant authenticity. Miss Feiner's career as a writer and as a composer of popular songs had barely begun when political changes in the Third Reich forced her to flee to London. Here, in spite of extreme poverty and unbelievable hardships, she finished her first novel. *Cat Across the Path* was an instantaneous and sensational success, and Miss Feiner's second novel, *Fires in May,* was likewise received with great enthusiasm.

HOW TO PREPARE YOUR INCOME TAX

By David Joseph, C.P.A. The new 1943 Edition of The Standard Annual Tax Guide. Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. 1942. 108 pages. $.49.

THIS is one of several volumes devoted to the dubious task of helping you discover how much you owe the government in income taxes this year. Sections of it can be recommended as a cure for insomnia. Others are definitely valuable. We still believe that the best approach is to

read the volume and then consult a lawyer.

THE GAUNT WOMAN

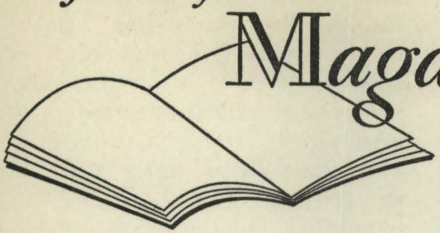
By Edmund Gilligan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1943. 307 pages. $2.50.

ONE of the most important chapters of World War II is being written in the turbulent waters of the North Atlantic. Here enemy U-boats have struck again and again, taking a terrible toll in human lives and in sorely needed ship tonnage. *The Gaunt Woman* tells the thrilling story of young Captain Patrick Bannon's desperate and determined fight against the Nazi marauders of the sea. It is not by chance that Edmund Gilligan has chosen this setting for his new novel. He has intimate first-hand knowledge of sailing-ships and of the sturdy fishermen who earn their livelihood fishing the Grand Banks, and during the first World War he himself served on a submarine chaser which patrolled the coast of Newfoundland.

Although *The Gaunt Woman* falls somewhat short of the high standard of excellence achieved by Mr. Gilligan in *White Sails Crowding,* it is, nevertheless, a corking good yarn, colorful, timely, and exciting.

January

Magazines



Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers*

"THE NATION" ON THE CURRENT SCENE

In reviewing a weekly magazine like *The Nation* it will not be our endeavor to give a complete survey of the subjects discussed or even of the featured articles and the book reviews. But it will be our purpose to keep the readers of the magazine section of THE CRESSET informed regarding the application to current events and trends of the liberal thought which *The Nation* represents. Specific references will, however, be made to articles or comments considered of particular significance.

Opposition to "the Darlan deal" was one of the major interests of *The Nation* since the occupation of North Africa by our troops. It regarded this deal indefensible under all circumstances because of Darlan's past record and also because of the reactionary interests in France with which he was associated. Nor was *The Nation* at all satisfied with President Roosevelt's explanation that the arrangement with Darlan was merely a "temporary expedient." "Darlan—and After" is the subject of an editorial by the editor, Freda Kirchwey, in the issue of January 2 which summarizes the position of *The Nation* in its comments upon the assassination of Darlan as "a free gift to the United States." "What the unknown Frenchman gave America was a second chance." The lively controversy over Darlan which arose both in England and in our country as the result of our first direct involvement in the European theatre of war emphasizes some of the grave political and economic problems which our government faces in addition to the burdens of a military campaign in North Africa.

"Prospects for the New Year," January 2 issue, written by I. F.

Stone, the Washington correspondent of *The Nation,* points out the dangers for 1943 which liberal thought sees in the election results of November 3. Because of the possibilities in a coalition of the anti-New Deal and anti-labor forces in the new Congress, the author concludes that "the home front will be the dangerous front in 1943."

Shocking in their revelations of the extent to which persecution of the Jews has gone and is continuing to go in Europe under Nazi direction are the articles by Philip S. Bernstein, "The Jews of Europe," in the issues of January 2 and January 9. The author shows how the Jews, in the words of Goebbels, are "atoning" for the bombing of German cities "with the extermination of their race in all Europe and perhaps even beyond Europe." There is something utterly diabolical in the statement of Karl Rudolf Werner Best, chief jurist of the Gestapo, "History teaches that the annihilation of an alien people is not contrary to the laws of life, providing the annihilation is complete."

"Violence in the Classroom," by Agnes Benedict in the issue of January 9, discusses the recent murder of a teacher by a New York high school student and, in general, the tense situation in the public schools of New York City. It is in reality a defense of the progressive movement in education and an attempt to ward off the attacks which these recent tragic events in the schools of New York have inspired against progressive education among "reactionaries." In short, what New York and the country need in this critical hour for our children is not less, but more, progressive schools. To imagine, however, that the solution of the problems of our educational system lies in the dominance of any method of education, whether formal or progressive, is a tragic oversimplification. The truths about God and man which are applied in any method are essential. No method of itself can guarantee these values. This is the real issue in American education.

Except for the definition of Santa Claus issued by the War Labor Board, and contributed by a reader for "In the Wind," December 19, we found no evidence that *The Nation* realized that Christmas was celebrated on December 25. This is significant and most disturbing. Much of what *The Nation* stands for in the political, economic, and social field merits unqualified support. It is unfortunate that its ignoring of Christianity so often vitiates its sponsorship of worthy causes.

POST-WAR PROBLEMS

The January *Survey Graphic* brings an enlightening analysis of the salient features of "The Beveridge Plan" by M. Craig McGeachy of the British Embassy in Washington. There is much soundness in the observation that one of the major problems in the world of tomorrow will be the reconciliation of economic and social planning with individual freedom. Not only as an attempt at such reconciliation but also because of its advanced thinking on social security the Beveridge Plan is destined to become one of the great documents of our day.

"Can Europe's Youth Be Salvaged?" by Heinz Soffner, a refugee from Austria, is an article which merits attention for its description of the thoroughness with which the youth of Germany and of the occupied countries is organized by the Nazis. That our government recognizes the crucial problem which this fact creates is implied in the much-debated suggestion of Vice-President Wallace that the educational system of Germany must be controlled by the Allied Nations when the military victory is won. Mr. Soffner provides helpful background material for this debate.

Out of a rich experience in the Medical Corps of the United States Navy, Captain W. H. Michael argues that a sound mind is as important as a sound body for military service. This fact is not emphasized sufficiently in the selection and training of our men. His article, "Men's Minds and Ships" interestingly supports this thesis by drawing an analogy between the human mind and ships and also by revealing the high percentage of mental cases among non-battle casualties.

BILLY READS THE COMICS

This is the title of a thoughtful article in the December *Woman's Home Companion* by Katherine Shippen and Jane Garrison. It is pointed out that children do not turn to the comics for sex, that publishers aiming at the juvenile market instruct their artists to leave sex strictly alone, that the unwritten law of the comics is the reward of virtue and the punishment of the evil-doer, and that the underlying principle of the comics is the same as that of the fairy tale: the child's love for the world of fantasy. One secret of their success is their streamlined method of telling a story and that the story is the chief interest of children. Literary taste comes later. The comics are not without merit. They widen the

vocabulary of the children. One study of them finds that they total more than ten thousand words—a wider range than children usually acquire through normal reading channels. Attention is directed to the new strip book called *Picture Stories from the Bible,* and parents are advised not to ignore the comics, but to read them and guide their children in their choice of comics and to help them to form proper standards of taste.

WHAT THE ARMY DRINKS

This article, in a recent issue of *Colliers,* by James W. Wadsworth, Representative 39th District, New York, has created quite a stir. On the basis of wide, personal observation and investigation, the Congressman maintains that the American soldier today is far superior in sobriety, health, and morals to his civilian brothers and his predecessors of 1917. He warns against the efforts of the prohibition propagandists, holding that if they are successful in "drying up" the areas around our training camps the old evils of prohibition days would break loose again to the harm of our armed forces. It would seem that soft drinks, milk, and coffee are the favorite beverages of our men in the service, with beer running next, and hard liquor trailing far behind the pack. The author also gives some interesting figures on the work of the chaplains and the attendance of enlisted men in the services. He concludes that the last thing we need worry about is the moral, mental, and muscular fitness of our soldiers, so long as we leave them alone. Our own conclusion after reading his article is that we have here a fine testimonial to the influence of the American home. During the last quarter-century we have heard much from certain "viewers-with-alarm" about the disintegration of the American home, while in these homes themselves fathers and mothers have quietly been attending to their business of bringing up their children and doing a good job of it.

WOES OF AN ARMY COOK

From this article by Earl Wilson in the *Saturday Evening Post* we parents who have one or more sons in the service can derive much comfort; for it is very evident that Uncle Sam is feeding our sons well, even though there may be a lot of good-natured jokes making the rounds at the expense of army cooks. Like the one about the soldier who claimed he had saved an entire regiment.

When asked, "How?", he replied, "I shot the cook." While the credit for the wherewithal goes to Uncle Sam, who does not stint on the army larder, a goodly share of the credit for taking this wherewithal and making appetizing meals of it belongs to the army cooks, who must try to satisfy the tastes and needs of a hundred or more men three times a day. The most popular army dinner is one of roast beef, mashed potatoes with gravy, lettuce and tomato salad, apple pie, ice cream, and coffee. When a kindly little woman visitor asked a cook for his apple pie recipe, he gave it unhesitatingly: One hundred sixty-eight pounds of flour, eighty-four pounds of shortening, twenty-eight ounces of salt, and twenty-one pints of water—for the crust. For the filling: Nine hundred and seventy pounds of apples, eighty-two pounds of sugar, eighty-two lemons, and twenty-one ounces of cinnamon.

HUNGER IN EUROPE

Under the head of "Hunger Spreads Over Europe," *Fortune* details the increasing food problems facing the Nazis. Much of the data is taken from studies made by League of Nation officials and facts supplied by a Swedish economist. The material assembled shows that, even though Germany is applying the principle of "selective starvation" by fitting its rationing scale to accord with its like or dislike of subject peoples and groups, it is meeting with more and more difficulties. Even the German ration has been cut 30 per cent in animal proteins and 25 in fats. German civilians are not starving but are already victims of malnutrition. Food supplies from farms fall consistently short of estimates because in Germany itself, and still more in occupied lands, farmers withhold much produce. The occupation of North Africa has meant the loss of large food supplies to Germany, including those brought by blockade runners.

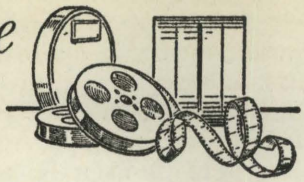
WORLD TRADE

Atlantic Monthly offers two articles on "Is World Trade an Illusion?" Garet Garrett (in "The Age of Alchemy") thinks it is, at least in so far as it is regarded as a necessity. Are we not reaching a stage when industrial countries need no longer go abroad for required materials since chemists can make them synthetically from everywhere available sources or even through changes in molecular structure? However, Herbert

Feis and Thomas L. Finletter (in "Alchemy—Master or Servant") do not agree with Garrett. They argue, among other things, that such factors as mutual advantage arising from differences in costs of production will tend to increase rather than decrease international trade, and that it would be a calamity if nations could become self-sustaining and isolated themselves from the rest.

PROFITS VERSUS PATRIOTISM

In *Harper's,* Walter Hamilton, Professor of Law at Yale, analyzes "The Strange Case of Sterling Products." He is the first to report on the basis of documentary study. Sterling Products, Inc., sprung from a patent medicine concern, bought the Bayer properties from the Alien Property Custodian after the last war. Bayer Aspirin was the special prize because of the silly American notion that ballyhooed products, especially if they cost more, are better than others. In order that an independent synthetic drug industry might be built up here, American law forbade German owners to buy back their forfeited properties. Sterling managed to evade the spirit, if not the letter, of this law by making secret deals with German concerns and so eventually becoming a mere vassal of a German-controlled cartel and, through them, an unwilling but effective tool in Hitler's plans against American interests. This is not an isolated case of profits versus national welfare. It seems we need more government interference with certain kinds of business.

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces.*

THE people of this nation are undergoing a painful and difficult re-education. We are learning a new kind of geography and the true meaning of global warfare. We are learning these things the hard way and at a cost which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Loyalty and patriotic fervor cannot allay a terrifying sense of distance and separation when we think of our armed forces scattered over the vast face of the earth and the wide expanses of the seven seas. More than any one other medium the motion picture can bridge this gap. During Christmas week a short film titled *A Christmas Greeting to the Folks Back Home* was released by the United States Army Signal Corps to be shown in theatres throughout the land. It was a simple picture, but intensely dramatic and moving. Against the stark background of the actual and potential battle-fronts of the world the men who wear the uniform of the United States were gathered together to pay homage to the Prince of Peace. In Alaska, Iceland, Panama, Ireland, Guadalcanal, and on the desert sands of Africa these men who, living or dying, are shaping the destiny of future generations sang "O Come, Let Us Adore Him, Christ the Lord." Surely, for a little while at least we felt close and warm and comforted. And very humble.

Who Done It (Universal) is a poor picture. The mystery is not *who* done it, but *why it was done* at all. On second thought, this isn't a mystery either; for Bud Abbott and Lou Costello have just been named the country's No. 1 box-office attraction for the year 1942. This team's slap-stick comedy was fresh and amusing in their first pictures; but it has grown stale. Their zany routines are repeated over and over again with little or no variation. It may be that movie-goers haven't yet become bored with this repetitiousness. Perhaps they don't real-

ly listen to Abbott and Costello. The label "funny men" seems sufficient in itself; for just as soon as roly-poly Lou and lanky Bud appear on the scene, admiring fans unloose veritable gales of laughter. Until the very end of *Who Done It* I felt myself a solitary dissenter. Then a decidedly bored masculine voice delivered the minority report, "Stinko!" You said it, brother!

Another Universal film can be disposed of in a few words. The synopsis and my review of this comedy are given in its title: *Nightmare.* Not a hamburger-and-onions or a Welsh rarebit nightmare, but the lobster and baked Alaska type.

First we had *Road to Singapore,* then came *Road to Zanzibar,* and now we see *Road to Morocco* (Paramount, David Butler). Put them all together, and what have you? A collection of wacky wise cracks, engaging gags, and tuneful ditties delivered in inimitable fashion by funsters Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, with Dorothy Lamour—this time wearing something slightly more substantial than a sarong—bringing up the rear.

RKO Radio's three contributions to this month's cinematic bill of fare draw heavily on radio talent. *Here We Go Again,* directed by Allan Dwan, brings us Fibber McGee and Molly, The Great Gildersleeve, Ginny Sims, Edgar Bergen, Charley McCarthy, and Mortimer Snerd in an amusing domestic comedy.

Seven Days Leave, directed by Tim Whelan, is put together after the manner in which a distraught housewife prepares a supper dish for unexpected guests. Mrs. Hostess has on hand a bit of ham and a wide variety of sauces, tidbits, and garnishes. So she works the entire collection into a glorified sort of hash. In exactly the same way Mr. Whelan has built his picture around ham-on-hand Victor Mature. Zest and dash are supplied by an impressive array of screen and radio luminaries, including Lucille Ball, Peter Lind Hayes, the orchestras of Les Brown and Freddy Martin, and two popular air shows — *Truth or Consequences* and *The Court of Missing Heirs.* The result? Glorified hash.

Next we have Kay Kyser and his famous band in *My Favorite Spy,* directed by Tay Garnett. This is another mad and merry spy chase in which any resemblance to spy-chasing in real life is strictly miraculous. Some day producers will stop using smart chit-chat and scatterbrained clowning as a background for murder and sabotage.

Across the Pacific (Warner Bros., directed by John Huston) also deals with murder, treason,

sabotage. The time is the period immediately preceding the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the story reveals a clever and carefully laid plan to destroy the Panama Canal. Acting and direction are excellent. Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, and Mary Astor are the principals in a good cast.

The Lady Has Plans (Paramount, directed by Sidney Lanfield) is the last of our spy stories. This time we invade the fascinating world of the Fourth Estate and travel to Lisbon with newspaperwoman Paulette Goddard, the lady who is supposed to have the plans. Shallow and somewhat flippant melodrama.

Far removed from the subject of war in 20th Century-Fox's technicolor extravaganza, *Springtime in the Rockies,* directed by Irving Cummings. Conceived and executed on a lavish scale, this film is hamstrung by a plot which is not only ridiculous but also thoroughly distasteful. *Springtime in the Rockies* abounds in music and dance sequences in the prevailing idiom of today. Therefore audience reaction is governed entirely by individual predilections.

Olive Higgins Prouty's shallow and thoroughly commonplace story of the metamorphosis of an ugly duckling has been brought to the screen by Warner Bros. Thanks to the sensitive and sympathetic direction of Irving Rapper and to the fine acting of Bette Davis, Gladys Cooper, and Paul Henreid, the film, *Now Voyager,* rises far above the novel in artistic merit.

George Washington Slept Here (Warner Bros. directed by Wm. Keighley) is an adaptation of the Hart-Kaufman stage success of the same name. It is the hilarious tale of the trials and tribulations experienced by a strictly twentieth-century couple in their efforts to restore a tumbledown shack which dated from the period of the Revolution and in which, legend said, George Washington once slept. Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan are co-starred in this film; but sad-eyed Percy Kilbride runs away with the show.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

OUR major article this month comes to grips with one of the burning issues of our day. George J. Kuechle is particularly well qualified to write about India, having lived in that country for almost thirteen years. He was commissioned as a missionary by the Lutheran Foreign Missions Board in 1910, and, with the exception of two brief furloughs, labored in South India until the end of 1923. The next five years he spent in Australia, and since 1928 has served as pastor of St. Mark's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. An astute student of India's political and economic problems, Mr. Kuechle also has a broad acquaintance with the British Empire; in addition to his thorough acquaintance with India and Australia, at various times during his eventful life he has visited the British Isles, Canada, New Zealand, Egypt and Fiji. He will continue his discussion of India in the next issue of THE CRESSET; his second installment will deal with the Cripps mission and the question of American intervention or mediation in India.

It is an honor and a privilege to welcome to our staff of CRESSET Associates Prof. Theodore Kuehnert, of Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois. Prof. Kuehnert is well known as an educator and writer, and at present is Managing Editor of the "Lutheran School Journal." His wide experience and deep insight into the problems of contemporary life will be a valuable asset to THE CRESSET.

In this issue we inaugurate our new magazine section. We shall be grateful to our readers for their comments on this department.

THE CRESSET

takes a bow - -

"I have read THE CRESSET since it was first issued and wish to congratulate you upon the brilliant way in which it is being edited each month. Without a doubt it is the most unique magazine on the market."

EDWIN H. RIAN
President of the Board of Trustees
Westminster Theological Seminary
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"The splendid book reviews published in THE CRESSET impel us to recommend this periodical as a 'must' for our college youth. These potentially influential folk must be trained to read with Christian discernment."

R. W. HAHN
Executive Secretary
Lutheran Student Welfare Committee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